The Outlook

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"THE PENTECOST OF CALAMITY"

In one of the most remarkable articles that have been published on the subject of the war Owen Wister has depicted the tragedy of Germany, and has hinted at the possible tragedy of the United States. This article was published in the "Saturday Evening Post" of July 3. It is worthy of preservation in permanent form. We wish it could be read in full by every American.

Mr. Wister begins with a picture of contented, happy, orderly Germany as he saw it in 1914. There was but one discord in the harmony, and that was when he learned that in the Empire more children committed suicide than in any other country. The picture of Germany's orderliness and happiness and glory culminates in a description of an opera for children at Frankfort.

It is not the turmoil and distress of war contrasted with this picture of serenity that constitutes the tragedy; it is the state of mind in Germany that has made it possible for that great nation "to spring at the throat of an unexpecting, unprepared world." It is the tragedy of a country that is possessed of a mania—"the mania of grandeur, complemented by the mania of persecution."

From this point on, the article traces the growth of that mental process which has finally resulted in making the tragedy of Germany greater than the tragedy of Belgium.

Mr. Wister concludes his article by turning the thoughts of Americans away from Germany to their own land:

"I want no better photograph of any individual than his opinion of this war. If he has none, that is a photograph of him. Last autumn there were Americans who wished the papers would stop printing war news and give their readers a change. So we have their photographs, as well as those of other Americans who merely calculated the extra dollars they could squeeze out of Europe's need and agony. But that—thank God!—is not what we look like as a whole. Our sympathy has poured out for Belgium a springtide of help and relief; it has flowed to the wounded and afflicted of Poland, Servia, France, and England. A continuous publishing of books, magazine articles, and editorials, full of a sense of justice and of anger at Prussia's long-prepared and malignant assault, should prove to Europe that American hearts and heads by the thousand and hundred thousand are in the right place. Merely the stand taken by the New York 'Sun,' New York 'Times,' Outlook, and Philadelphia 'Public Ledger'—to name no more—saves us from the reproach of moral neutrality.

"Yet, somehow, in Europe's eyes we fall short. The Allies, in spite of their recognition of our material generosity, find us spiritually wanting. In the London 'Punch,' on the sinking of the Lusitania, Britannia stands, perplexed and indignant, behind the bowed figure of America, and, with a hand on her shoulder, addresses her thus:

"'*In silence you have looked on felon blows,*
On butcher's work of which the waste lands reek;
Now, in God's name, from whom your greatness flows,
Sister, will you not speak!'

Well—we did speak; but after nine months of silence. This silence, in the opinion of French and Belgian emissaries who have talked to me with courteous frankness, constitutes our moral failure. . . .

"Europe has never forgotten some words spoken here once: 'That government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.' She waited to hear us repeat that in some form when the Hague conventions we signed were torn to scraps of paper. She waited in vain. I have tried to show why, and that she expected too much; that proofs came too late. Perhaps nothing save calamity will teach us what Europe is thankful to have learned again—that some things are worse than war, and that you can pay too high a price for peace;

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but that you cannot pay too high for the possession of your own soul."

AFTER LEMBERG, WARSAW?

Warsaw is now the objective of the Teutonic forces in the east, but before they can devote their full strength to the attack on the great Polish city they must clear Galicia of Russians. They are sparing no efforts to accomplish this, but as we go to press the issue is much in doubt. Back of Lemberg the Russians have reformed their line along the Bug River, from the head-waters of the Bug to the head-waters of the Zlota Lipa, and along the latter stream to its confluence with the Dniester, about twenty-five miles southeast of Stanislau. From this point south the Dniester is still Russia's barricade.

There are indications that the Teutons are already starting a blow at Warsaw from the west. If they can clear the Bug and the Zlota Lipa of their enemies, they will be free to swing in around Warsaw from the southeast, ringing it as they ringed Przemysl and Lemberg. So, if the Russians are driven from the Bug and the Zlota Lipa, Warsaw will be in danger greater than any peril that has threatened it yet in this war. On the other hand, Russia's hope is that the Austro-German lines, which have been steadily expanding for weeks, have reached the limit of their elasticity, that they will soon snap, allowing the Czar's men to break through and begin the reconquest of the territory lost by them in two months of retreat and depression.

While there is yet no indication of an abatement of the Kaiser's efforts in the east, there is every indication of an impending herculean German effort on the western front. After several weeks of defensive fighting, it is reported that the German artillery has begun to rain iron on the lines of their foes from Belgium to Alsace. From France, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland the rumor of a great drive at Calais is wafted, some despatches saying that Germany is moving troops west from the Galician front, while others state that the reinforcements are mainly composed of young men who have not yet seen any fighting. Of the two reports, only the latter is credible. It is unbelievable that the German General Staff would countenance a weakening of the eastern lines just when they are being stretched to the breaking point.

ITALY AND AUSTRIA

The capture by the Allies of Krithia, on the Gallipoli Peninsula, is a most important step ahead, if true. If they hold Krithia, then for the first time the Allies possess a really solid foothold on the peninsula. The recent long report of General Sir Ian Hamilton, commander of the allied troops at the Dardanelles, admits that for a long time it was "touch and go," with the Allies struggling for the peninsula. Speaking of the landing of the British two months ago, he says: "So strong, in fact, were the defenses that the Turks may well have considered them impregnable, and it is my firm conviction that no finer feat of arms has ever been achieved by the British soldier or by any other soldier than the storming of these trenches from open boats on the morning of the 25th of April."

The progress of the Italians in both the Trieste and the Trentino campaigns is becoming increasingly slower, the nature of the country becoming more and more difficult, and the resistance of the Austrians stiffening as the Latins go ahead. The capture of Plava, north of Gorizia, was important, as it enabled the Italians to cut the railway from Gorizia to the Austrian interior. On the Carso plateau, beyond the Isonzo, King Victor Emmanuel's troops have been making slow but sure progress.

It is very noteworthy that the Italian bulletins, which have hitherto dealt almost exclusively with offensive movements, are beginning to speak complacently about "repelling heavy attacks" of the Austrians. Now that something like the bone under the skin of Austrian resistance has been reached, the Austro-Italian operations are assuming more and more the character of the fighting in the west.

ANOTHER SIGN OF RETURNING SANITY IN GERMANY

The remarks of Admiral von Truppel, an officer whose record is as distinguished as that of almost any other in the German navy, like the peace appeal of the German Socialists which was reviewed in The Outlook last week, are indicative of a new spirit of sanity in certain quarters in Germany.

Writing to the German newspaper "Der Tag," the Admiral bluntly asks if Germany can expect "to force England to its knees through the submarine warfare against her

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commerce." The *Unterseeboten*, Admiral von Truppel believes, "can find better employment against hostile war-ships, particularly in the hunting-grounds of the Mediterranean, the Dardanelles, and the Suez Canal." The Admiral, who was formerly Governor of Kiaochau, points out that war with the United States would not be so free from inconvenience to Germany as Count Reventlow and other German jingoes would have their countrymen believe.

Of course Admiral von Truppel's statement has called down upon him the blustering rage of Reventlow, Admiral von Tirpitz, and other advocates of a policy of "frightfulness." But Truppel's words, like the suppressed statements of the German Socialists, are seeds that are bound to find much fertile ground in war-weary Germany.

ALBANIA STARVING

In a letter just received by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the Rev. Telford Erickson, one of the Board's missionaries in Albania, reveals the desperate situation in that country, left without ruler or protector, distracted with civil strife, and now invaded by the armies of Servia. Mr. Erickson writes with the directness of an eye-witness and describes conditions in Avlona, Durazzo, and Skutari:

How can I picture to you the condition of these people after nearly a year of refugee, outcast life? A little handful of corn meal, decayed and moldy, mixed with nettle leaves and stewed in a pot—one old woman showed me what she was cooking for her family and it nauseated me. Another mother . . . had just lost her two-year-old boy. He couldn't stand the fare of thistle leaves and decayed corn meal, and starved to death! That same morning a mother had taken her two little ones (one should have been at her breast, but even mother love cannot make milk without food) and gone out on the hills beyond the city to die. Her mind had given way under the strain and struggle of nine months and she had thrown herself down with her two babies to die!

I pass . . . into the city. Its narrow, cobbled, rambling streets are swarming with men, an army of unemployed, thousands of them, with latent strength enough locked up in their muscles (given a few good meals) to build cities, lay forests, construct railways and highways, extract from the ground its mineral wealth, prepare fields for golden harvests; and they have the will and mind and heart to do; and out beyond the city is a land needing all of these and ready richly to reward every effort. Pay sufficient to . . . keep them alive—that is what they want. . . . Groups of them linger by the public ovens or the vegetable market in the hope that some scrap will fall they can grab. . . . There is always a great crowd before the Government building, where relief is sometimes issued to a few of the most desperate cases; but if they gave to all, and all they needed, the supply wouldn't last a week, and they must make it last months, for all they see. . . .

I turned into some of the refugee quarters within the city—abandoned buildings, garrets with the roofs fallen in and the floor half rotted out. . . . A girl of fourteen is lying at the point of death over in one corner. Her father and mother were both killed by the Greeks before they could get away. . . .

Some men came to my room to talk with me. One had been a judge in his district. . . . Today he was carrying stone for a bit of road construction going on in the city for a few pennies a day. Another man was superintendent of education in his district. . . . That man and his family were all but literally starving. . . .

The American Board, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, will be glad to receive and forward to Mr. Erickson for distribution any funds which may be intrusted to its care by those who would respond to this trustworthy and terrible story.

BARON D'ESTOURNELLES AND MR. BRYAN

On hearing of Mr. Bryan's new peace propaganda, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, the well-known French Senator and peace advocate, addressed an open letter to him. M. d'Estournelles, though more than ever attached to peace, calls Mr. Bryan's attention to the following fact:

Peace has been violated despite the numerous forms of progress we have accomplished, step by step, for the benefit of international justice. We cannot admit this premeditated and barbarous violation without abandoning all our principles, and consequently making future treaties and peace impossible.

M. d'Estournelles tried to avert war. He pleaded the cause of peace in France, England, Holland, America, and especially in Germany, where he went to offer "an honorable and lasting peace founded on the settlement of the Alsace-Lorraine question by mutual concessions." He continues:

I was not alone in making these offers. I was accompanied by many of my friends representing the majority of the French people in Parliament. . . . How were our conciliatory demands eventually received by the German Government? . . . By slaughtering, imprisoning,

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or torturing innocent people, sacking the library of the University of Louvain, bombarding the Cathedral of Rheims, and sinking the Lusitania. . . .

No one—and I, least of all—is asking the United States to declare war on Germany. What would be the good of it? You have neither army nor navy available for a great war beyond the seas. . . . All that the world asks of the United States is not to be mere lookers-on when the cause of right is being violated. Your voice should be raised in defense of a cause which is yours just as much as it is ours.

Then follows a criticism which can hardly be too often repeated in reminder of American weakness a year ago:

The silence of the United States Government in regard to invasion of Belgium has surprised all your friends. . . . The German people themselves would have been grateful to you for opening their eyes to the truth, which their own Government has concealed from them. They would certainly have been impressed by the infamy and the enormity of the crimes for which they have been made responsible if you had raised your voice, and they might perhaps have recoiled with horror.

"What are you doing now?" the writer inquires; and answers:

You are preaching peace, but what kind of peace? A peace that will enable German militarism to retire from the struggle unhurt? . . . We do not want the kind of peace you suggest. . . . Such a peace, or rather truce, would be worse than death. No, as we have always maintained, we must do away, not only with war, but with the causes of war. . . . We must do away with Prussian militarism.

MR. BRYAN AND BARON D'ESTOURNELLES

To the above letter Mr. Bryan replied immediately. He expresses his distress that the situation in Europe compels "pacifists residing in the belligerent nations to turn aside from the peace propaganda in order that each, true to his patriotic impulses, may support his nation," and continues:

If, however, peace advocates residing in the warring countries are in duty bound to support their respective governments while the war continues, it is likewise the duty of the citizens of neutral nations to be neutral in spirit as well as in word and act. It would violate the spirit of neutrality for neutrals to declare judgment upon the acts of the belligerent nations; they have not the complete information necessary to form an unbiased judgment, even if they felt it their duty to announce such judgment during the progress of the war. . . . I do not conceive it to be the duty of neutrals to decide at this time whether it is more cruel to attempt to drown non-combatants at sea than it is to endeavor to starve non-combatants on land. Neutrals can, in my opinion, serve humanity better by refusing to approve of either method of warfare.

The implication seems to be that Mr. Bryan sides with the Germans who drown non-combatants—an illegitimate method of warfare—rather than with the British, who would establish a blockade of food—a legitimate method of warfare. Again:

Has not the world a right to know why bloodshed continues? Is it not due the neutral nations that the participants should give, not vague generalities, but definite and explicit statements as to the end sought? If the belligerents are too much absorbed in the struggle to consider the rights of neutrals, do they not owe it to their own brave soldiers and their own suffering people to answer the question, "Why do we die?" Who knows but that peace may be possible now—not a truce, but a permanent and enduring peace? If the nations will only make known for what they are fighting, they may find it possible to come to a satisfactory understanding.

This is no rejoinder. It has no application to the case. If, after the expiration of eleven months of war, Mr. Bryan does not know what the nations are fighting for, what restatement will enlighten him?

He thinks the paramount question, not "Who began the war?" or "Which side has been most cruel?" but "How can peace be restored?"

Not a word about justice. Not a word about righteousness. It is not surprising that a peace propaganda that does not make rightousness and justice its basis should evoke a protest from such a worker for peace as Baron d'Estournelles.

A PEACE MANIAC

In attacking Mr. J. P. Morgan on the day after wrecking the Senate reception-room at the National Capitol in Washington, Frank Holt, the former instructor in German who has since committed suicide, was actuated by what may be called peace mania. He was stirred up by the propaganda against the export of munitions of war to the Allies. He was obsessed with the idea that violence of war should in some way be stopped, and he took these violent means of giving expression to his opinion.

Late Friday evening, July 2, he placed an

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explosive near the Senate reception-room, waited there until the explosion took place just before midnight, and then, taking the train at the Union Station, which is close to the Capitol, reached New York early Saturday morning. He went directly to the Morgan country place near Glen Cove, Long Island. He said that he went there with the intention of seizing Mrs. Morgan and the children and keeping them as hostages to force Mr. Morgan to use his financial influence to stop the exportation of munitions. Whatever his intention may have been, it was not fully carried out. As he went up the stairs of Mr. Morgan's house Mrs. Morgan attempted to intervene between him and her husband, but Mr. Morgan threw himself upon his assailant and in the struggle was shot. The wounds, though serious, were happily not mortal. Within a few days Mr. Morgan's complete recovery seemed assured.

The man who perpetrated these outrages had been a teacher of German at Cornell. At first nothing was known about his past beyond the year 1909, but in the course of a few days evidence was forthcoming to indicate that his real name was Muenter, that he had been instructor in German at Harvard, and, after the death of his wife there in 1906, had been missing, suspected of being his wife's murderer through poisoning. The identification of Holt with Muenter seems to have been fairly well established by the middle of last week. When arrested, Holt declared that he was an American citizen, a native of Wisconsin. Acquaintances of Muenter have said that he was a native of Germany.

From something that Holt said or wrote just before his suicide in jail it was inferred by reporters, and possibly by officials of the Government, that he had placed on board a transatlantic steamship a number of pounds of dynamite, with a time fuse set to explode in mid-ocean. What vessel he was supposed to have put this dynamite upon was apparently not known. If this proves to be the fact and an accident occurs by the explosion, this one deranged man will have done as much damage as many a soldier in the war against which he was protesting. It appears to be evident that his mind was unbalanced by the fervid appeals of those who, in defense of Germany's cause, have been urging our Government to prohibit the exportation of munitions of war to Germany's enemies. The fact that these appeals have not been based on reason or on law has been effective as a force for unhinging such a loose-jointed mind as that of this misguided man.

Immediately following his outbreaks there was some speculation concerning the possibility that Holt was the agent of a pro-German conspiracy. Some English newspapers have even gone so far as to hint that Holt was acting for the German Government. There is not the slightest evidence to substantiate this position. The only connection that Holt has with the pro-German propaganda in this country appears to lie in the fact that his mind was affected by such arguments as Mr. Bryan and others have been putting forth. Those who make such appeals to emotionalism rather than to reason cannot escape a share of responsibility for the acts of weak-minded or crazy men who are not able to resist emotional impulses.

A TRIUMPH FOR ARBITRATION

A short time ago it seemed that another long and bitter garment strike of 60,000 workers was inevitable in New York City, with all the privation and suffering and losses that a strike would have entailed to the hundreds of thousands of people directly or indirectly dependent upon the cloak industry for a living. But the issues between the workers and their employers are now to be considered before a Board of Conciliation, and there is hope that an equitable compromise may be effected. This happy change is due to an act said to be unprecedented in the history of American industry—the offer of arbitration from a powerful labor union to a powerful manufacturers' association. Such an act is all the more commendable because offered by the leaders of a great organization at a time when the rank and file of its members were prepared and ready to strike.

The New York cloak industry came into National prominence nearly five years ago, when a great strike was settled by the now famous "Protocol of Peace"—a unique trade agreement brought about with the co-operation of such men as Louis Brandeis, A. Lincoln Filene, Louis Marshall, Samuel Gompers, and a half-dozen other authorities on industrial affairs. The Protocol has been discussed in all parts of the country, has been the model for similar trade agreements in various other trades and cities, and has been made the subject of a special bulletin of the

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Federal Bureau of Labor. About a year and a half ago the Protocol nearly broke down, but was then saved by an amendment engineered by its original friends. This amendment provided for a commission on immediate action with an impartial chairman (Mr. J. E. Williams, of Streator, Illinois), which greatly expedited the consideration of certain classes of "grievances" of employers and employed.

The abrogation of the Protocol by the Cloak, Suit, and Skirt Manufacturers' Protective Association on May 20 was the immediate cause for the threat of a general strike. During the life of the Protocol the industry had been spared such strikes, which before that had been constant occurrences for twenty-five years. There have been charges of "ineffectual leadership" on both sides, and the present breach was largely the result of changes in leadership in both organizations during the past few years.

The offer of further conciliation and arbitration from the union came in a letter to the Protective Association on June 28, from which are quoted the following extracts:

> The abrogation of the Protocol by your Association has left undetermined a large number of very important questions outside of the direct matters in issue which were then pending before the Board of Arbitration. . . .
>
> Either the employees and employers must now get together on a fair and reasonable working agreement for at least the near future, or our industry will find itself involved in an embittered labor struggle. . . .
>
> The workers fully realize their share of responsibility for such a public calamity, and are ready to make every reasonable effort to avert it. . . .
>
> In order to secure a complete and speedy adjustment of all disputes, and to avoid any prolonged and fruitless discussions and negotiations, we propose that our respective contentions be forthwith submitted to a committee or board of unbiased persons under the presidency of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis or Mayor Mitchel, or any other person of recognized standing in the community.

The President of the Protective Association issued a hostile public statement next day, but it was felt by the interested public that the abler and more progressive members of the manufacturers' association were anxious to get a majority vote of their fellow-members in favor of arbitration. Therefore a group of public-spirited citizens, headed by Mr. Jacob Schiff, got together and issued a public letter to the employers, urging the acceptance of the union's proffer of arbitration. This letter was signed by Mr. Schiff, Mr. Louis Marshall, Mr. Cyrus Sulzberger, Dr. J. L. Magnus, and Mr. Oscar Straus. In the letter they expressed appreciation of the great difficulties of the situation and of the many sacrifices of the manufacturers during the past five years to make effective the collective agreement with the organized workers.

"We cannot, however," the letter ran, "bring ourselves to believe that matters have come to such a pass that serious strife and its distressing consequences are absolutely the only way out. On the contrary, we feel that a reasonable solution of the problem can and ought to be found."

This appeal greatly facilitated the work of the members of the Protective Association who were urging arbitration, and at a meeting on July 2 they carried the day, and in a public statement signified the entire readiness of the Association to arbitrate. The result is a triumph for industrial arbitration and conciliation.

THE DEATH KNELL OF A GOVERNMENT MERCHANT MARINE

If there were needed any further proof of the opposition of the people of the United States to the establishment of a mercantile marine under the auspices of the Government, it has been given with most telling emphasis by the business men of the country in the vote on the referendum of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. On May 8 last the National Chamber of Commerce issued its ninth referendum, being "on the report of the special committee of the Chamber on the upbuilding of the merchant marine." This referendum was submitted to more than six hundred commercial organizations making up the National body, with a combined membership of appproximately three hundred thousand men actively engaged in business. The final returns were gone over at a meeting of the directors of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, held in New York City a week ago. The inquiries contained in the referendum and the sentiment they aroused may be summarized in the following questions and the votes cast:

(1) "Do you favor the Government undertaking the purchase, construction, or charter of vessels for mercantile purposes, together with the operation of such vessels?"

In favor, 89; opposed, 688.

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(2) "Do you favor ownership of merchant vessels by the Government, but with operation by private parties under leases?"

In favor, 51; opposed, 711.

(3) "Do you favor subsidies from the Government sufficient to offset the difference in cost between operation of vessels under the American flag and operation in the same deep-sea trades under foreign flags?"

In favor, 553; opposed, 188.

(4) "Do you favor subventions from the Government to establish regular mail and freight lines under the American flag to countries in which the commercial interests of the United States are important, and to American dependencies?"

In favor, 711; opposed, 52.

The referendum of the National Chamber then detailed recommendations of the special Committee, which were voted on as follows:

(1) "The Committee recommends the creation of a Federal shipping board to investigate and report to Congress regarding the navigation laws and to have full jurisdiction under the law in all matters pertaining to oversea transportation."

In favor, 637; opposed, 116.

(2) "The Committee recommends that the Government subscribe to the entire stock of a marine development company with a capital of thirty million dollars, this company to have authority for seven years to lend, under supervision of the Federal shipping board, upon the security of first mortgages on merchant vessels, taking as evidence of this indebtedness bonds which bear a fair rate of interest and contain provisions for amortization, the development company to guarantee the bonds as to principal and interest and sell them to the public."

In favor, 414; opposed, 314.

(3) "The Committee recommends that the ocean-mail law of 1891 be amended by lowering the speed for first-class steamers from twenty to sixteen knots and for second-class steamers from sixteen to twelve knots, and by making the compensation adequate to permit the establishment of lines of steamships carrying both mail and freight."

In favor, 690; opposed, 58.

(4) "The Committee recommends that there should be legislation abolishing deferred rebates and providing for supervision of rates by the Federal shipping board, with requirements for filing with the board schedules of rates and all agreements among oversea lines."

In favor, 599; opposed, 130.

(5) "The Committee recommends that Federal licenses should be taken out by lines, domestic and foreign, engaged in shipping between ports of the United States and other countries."

In favor, 608; opposed, 120.

The vote on referendums of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States is regarded as fairly registering the business sentiment of the country. The principal business organizations of the Nation make up the National commercial body. Each of these organizations ascertains the sentiment of its membership on any questions submitted before the vote of the local body is registered with the National Chamber.

ON A REPEAL OF THE SEAMEN'S ACT

At the meeting of the directors of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States it was decided by a unanimous vote to issue a referendum on the subject of the now internationally discussed Seamen's Act, to determine whether the business men of this country desire the repeal of this Act, which in many quarters is regarded as inimical to the development of an international American trade. While no statement of opinion comes from the office of the National Chamber of Commerce, the sentiment of the meeting is understood to have been that the membership of that body regard the Seamen's Act as unwise legislation and will ask that it be repealed.

President John H. Fahey referred the preparation of the referendum to a special committee. Several weeks will be required to draft the report, according to Elliot H. Goodwin, General Secretary of the National body.

"Up to this time," reads an announcement from the National Chamber, "discussion of this Act has centered in coastwise cities, but now the question will be taken into every State in the Union. That business men, not only where shipping is heaviest, but throughout the entire United States, be given the opportunity of expressing themselves, was the sense of a motion made by R. G. Rhett, of Charleston, S. C., Chairman of the Executive Committee. . . . With discussion of the Seamen's Act now being extended to business men of the country, those who opposed the passage of the Act are renewing the claim that the legislation will nullify every effort

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which is being made to build up an American merchant marine."

OUR TREASURY DEFICIT AND OUR EXPORT SURPLUS

The fiscal year closed on June 30 with a record of extravagance charged to the party now in power. When the books were balanced, the Government had on hand $82,000,000 in cash as compared with $145,000,000 in the coffers a year ago. In other words, during the twelvemonth Uncle Sam has suffered a deficit of $63,000,000. Forthcoming free sugar promises a further decrease in revenue.

Only the recent influx of most of the income tax and corporation tax payments has prevented a much worse showing. A month ago the balance on hand was only about $13,000,000, and many financial experts are predicting that, with most of the taxes above mentioned already collected, the Government's bank account will begin to shrink so rapidly that it may soon be necessary to issue bonds.

The responsibility for the deficit cannot be placed entirely upon the cruel fate which brought the world a war, for the receipts during the year have been only about $50,000,000 less than they were last year. The remaining $13,000,000 of the deficit may be explained by Government extravagance. Neither the income tax nor the war tax has brought in as much revenue as it was expected they would, and there is already talk of increasing one or both of them. The people will be satisfied to bear such an increased burden only after Congress has taken every possible measure to make such taxation unnecessary by lopping off superfluous expenditures. Its recent record, however, in "pork barrel" legislation—the wasting of public funds to improve rivers and harbors and to build public edifices for the benefit of minutely local interests—is disheartening.

Passing from unpleasant news to pleasant, the reports of the country's foreign trade for the first eleven months show an excess of exports over imports of $983,000,000. The greatest previous "balance of trade" for a full fiscal year in our favor was $666,431,000 in 1908. The Government has reported that the June export excess is sure to be at least $60,000,000, so that we can count upon an excess for the full year of about $1,050,000,000. This is good from the point of Uncle Sam as a shopkeeper.

All this despite the fact that exports were unusually low during July, August, and September, 1914, running behind imports in those months. But during the months from December to May, inclusive, our balance of trade exceeded the figures for the same months in the preceding year by $741,000,000.

Moreover, ammunition shipments were only a small factor in this tremendous export surplus, which was mainly built up on the unusually large shipments of grain and cotton. What our exports will be when the outgoing stream of war material reaches its height is an interesting subject for speculation.

THE JOHN HUSS CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK

Last week The Outlook told something of the life and work of John Huss, the prophetic preacher and martyr who was burned at the stake on July 6, 1415. An interesting commemoration of the five hundredth anniversary of his martyrdom was the celebration held at the John Huss Church and Neighborhood House in New York City on July 4, 5, and 6.

There are not as many Bohemians in New York as there are in Chicago, which, after Prague, contains more Bohemians—or, as they call themselves, Czechs—than any other city in the world. But on the upper East Side of the metropolis, packed into an area ten city blocks in length and three in width, are forty thousand men and women who look upon Huss as the great patriot and patron saint of their country which used to be. In this neighborhood the John Huss Church was established in 1874, the first church anywhere to be erected to the memory of the great Protestant.

Dr. Vincent Pisek, who has been pastor of this church for thirty years, directed the interesting anniversary exercises. The first day was made notable by the dedication of the John Huss Neighborhood House, established with funds raised by the Czechs of New York, eked out with generous donations from several prominent New Yorkers Slavic in their sympathies but not in blood. On the second day the blasé East Side was startled by the Huss Historical Pageant, which wound through the streets of the Bohemian settlement with floats showing among others the following scenes:

John Huss as a boy and his mother standing before his birthplace; Huss as rector of the University of Prague; Huss as a preacher; John Huss and John Zizka, the great Hussite general; the martyrdom of Huss; a Hussite

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battle wagon with Zizka and his warriors; Prokop (Ziska's successor) and the Hussites; and Bohemia pointing to Columbia and saying, "The sufferings and sacrifices of the Bohemian people have not been in vain." On the last day delegates from practically every Protestant church in New York and from several Slavic societies came together in a final mass-meeting in honor of the man who attacked corruption in the Church one hundred years before Luther.

Huss was a great preacher; but he was much more than that, he was a great national leader. The Bohemians to-day in the old country are forced to fight for Austria, but their sympathies are with the Allies. "Let a Russian army appear on the threshold of Bohemia, and the Czechs would desert the Teutonic cause in a body," says Dr. Pisek. "Were Huss alive to-day, he would approve of such a course, for he would realize that the Allies are fighting the fight of democracy. And while what we Czechs want is independence, we would prefer the sort of government that Russia would give us to the oppressive rule of the Austrian hierarchy."

EDUCATION AGAINST ALCOHOL

Reason is by far the most powerful ally of the law in the growing campaign against the use of alcoholic stimulants. The testimony of physicians, of insurance men, and of employers is accumulating with startling rapidity as to the damage which arises from the use and abuse of liquor.

One of the most effective advocates of temperance who has recently been brought before public attention is Dr. S. S. Goldwater, the Commissioner of Health for New York City. His Department has for some time in the past been issuing educational leaflets on the subject of intemperance. It now proposes to outline a scheme for an extensive educational campaign against the use of alcohol. In the weekly bulletin of this Department the following statement justifying the course of the Commissioner has been recently made:

"A diminution in the consumption of alcohol by the community, according to those who are in a position to know and to judge, would mean less tuberculosis, less poverty, less dependency, and less pressure on our hospitals, asylums, and jails. Intemperate drinking cuts into the support of the family. The drinking of parents weakens the vitality of children. Drinking mothers lose twice as many babies as do sober mothers. More alcoholism is found in the parents of feeble-minded children than in the parents of normal children. The children of drinkers develop more slowly and do poorer school work than do the children of abstainers. Alcohol impairs the tone of the muscles, lessens the product of laborers, depreciates the skill and endurance of artisans, impairs memory, multiplies industrial accidents, causes chronic disease of the heart, liver, stomach, and kidneys, increases the death rate from pneumonia, and lessons natural immunity to infectious diseases."

THE ECONOMIC ARGUMENT

Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, has recently taken upon himself the task of proving to certain labor leaders that the destruction of the liquor traffic would not be followed by any diminution in the amount of available work. In a published letter he says:

"Economically the workmen lose immensely more than they gain by the existence of the liquor industry. The fallacy of the workmen in this, as in many other fields, is what we call in economics the 'make-work' fallacy.

"The 'make-work' fallacy arises in this case from the fact that it seems to the workman, if the alcohol business continues, so many jobs will thereby be kept in existence—that is, that so many jobs will be 'made'—whereas if this business is prohibited so many jobs will cease to be. But the workman does not stop to remember that the money now spent for alcohol would, if the business were prohibited, be spent for something else, and that whatever that something else was must also be produced, and must therefore employ labor.

"The workman would not only not be injured by prohibition, but he would be benefited by the wiping away of all the liquor industries. He would be benefited:

"First, by saving him from the physiological poison of alcohol, thus increasing his working (and therefore producing or earning) capacity.

"Second, it would lengthen life and increase the working period of life for workmen.

"Third, it would save for productive and useful ends the vast amount of grain and grapes which are now worse than wasted. Whatever is saved to society as a whole is saved to labor as well.

"Fourth, it would enable the workmen now

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engaged in these lines to turn their attention to producing in other more useful and more beneficial directions. . . .

"Even the dislocation which would be caused by sweeping away the production of alcohol is, I believe, much less than workingmen imagine, for many of the industries associated with the production of alcohol could be continued without much jar by adapting them to somewhat related lines."

From such testimony as this the advocates of total abstinence and prohibition are forging weapons which their opponents are finding it increasingly difficult to combat.

SEVENTY YEARS OF WHITTLING

The jack-knife is in many ways a fit symbol for America. It is at home in the wilderness and on the office desk. As an empire-builder it helped to carve Texas into a State. As a tutor in philosophy it has made its mark in many a country store. Like almost every average American with political aspirations, it stands ready for any task that may confront it. That tools better adapted for the purpose can be found seldom concerns either our politicians or penknives. Something of that spirit which Kipling credits to the soul of America, the spirit which

> "Greets the embarrassed gods nor fears
> To shake the iron hand of fate
> Or match with Destiny for beers,"

belongs to the jack-knife. Nor is that spirit, even in these days of scientific efficiency, to be despised, for the jack-knife spirit has done much for our Nation. Jefferson, the statesman, testified to its impelling worth when he spent his leisure hours calculating the proper formula for the modeling of plowshares. Gibbs, another Virginia farmer, acknowledged its strength by whittling out his ingenious improvement for sewing-machines. And somehow, for all their scientific investigation, a jack-knife seems more typical than a laboratory of those two Ohio bicycle-builders who leaped so recently from solid earth to enduring fame.

The seventieth anniversary of the birth of what may well be called the bible of American whittlers has called forth this apostrophe to the jack-knife. It is the "Scientific American" to which we refer, a journal whose history supplies, perhaps, the best evidence of the popular and intelligent interest which Americans have always taken in the development of science and of mechanical invention. Founded in 1845, it has furnished a clear record of the tremendous development made by the material sciences during almost three-quarters of a century. Not only has this worth-while weekly served as a record of achievement, but it has a rightful claim to having shared in the achievement itself. All of our progress it has seen; some of it, it was.

When it was founded, the telegraph and the reaper, both American inventions, had just been born. The first ten years of its life saw these two instruments of civilization measurably perfected, the sewing-machine invented, and the discovery of the process for vulcanizing rubber. The decade beginning with 1870 brought into existence the telephone, the dynamo, and the arc lamp. In the next ten years the tide of electrical discovery approached the flood. The trolley car, the incandescent lamp, and the electrical furnace made their way into the working world. To this decade, too, belong the first of modern automobiles, the typewriter, the sky-scraper, the cash register, the steam turbine, the gasoline engine, the Mergenthaler type-setter and caster, the Harvey process for hardening armor plate, Westinghouse's quick-acting brake, the wax phonographic record, smokeless powder, the transparent film, the pneumatic tire, the half-tone process (the most notable advance in the reproductive arts since lithography was established), the Janney type car coupler, which the "Scientific American" declares to be the greatest life-saver ever invented, and the centrifugal creamer, which has resulted in saving hundreds of millions of dollars for the farmer. All these inventions were commercially established during this decade. Probably the decade beginning with 1900 will be best known to future generations as the period which gave to the world the flying-machine. To this period and to an Italian inventor we owe also the wireless telegraph. In this decade the foundation for the extraction of nitrogen from the air was laid by Bradley and Lovejoy at Niagara Falls. This decade, too, saw the real beginning of the automobile industry. Of the tremendous development in transportation on land and sea we are every day reminded. The significance of this development may perhaps be better realized if one looks at the "Scientific American's" picture of the Cunard Line's Aquitania, carrying on her boat deck the whole fleet owned by that concern in 1840.

Surely no journal of achievement has

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dealt with more romantic material than the "Scientific American" during the seventy years of its life, and yet, as its editor says, "Science and invention are young. Because they are, the 'Scientific American' must remain perennially youthful. If we compare ourselves with those who record the achievement of science a century hence, we in this day may seem to have progressed but little beyond the stage when the moon and the stars were to mankind but lanterns hung on a great tent wall, and not separate worlds in infinite space."

What would we not give for a file of the "Scientific American" for the year 2015!

THE FIRST PERISCOPE

In "The Story of the War" in The Outlook of May 12 was given a brief account of a periscope used on the Federal monitor Osage in the American Civil War which the author of the article, Mr. Gregory Mason, believed was the first employment of such an instrument on a war-vessel. A substantiation of his opinion and a full account of the historical event have come to The Outlook from Rear-Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, who was in command of the Osage. Rear-Admiral Selfridge's communication recites facts of historical and scientific interest:

"The Osage was under my command," says Admiral Selfridge, ". . . and Chief Engineer Thomas Doughty, . . . a very capable man, presented to me a suggestion to attach a pipe to the rear outside surface of the turret of the Osage with reflectors made of looking-glass, whereby an observer behind the turret could see the field in front. This instrument was the first of its kind ever placed on a war-vessel, and Mr. Doughty deserves every credit for the suggestion. It was made of a piece of three-inch steam pipe with holes cut at each of its ends at opposite sides, and pieces of looking-glass inserted as reflectors. It was secured to the outside of the turret opposite to the gun-ports. Two stationary sights were placed on top of the turret and the whole in the vertical plane of the axis of the turret guns.

"This so-called periscope, rudely made, was used but once by myself, and then with excellent effect.

"The Osage light-draught turreted monitor was one of the Red River expedition in conjunction with the army sent for the purpose of taking Shreveport, Louisiana. Our army, meeting with reverses at Sabine Crossroads and Champion Hills, was compelled to fall back, which forced the fleet that had reached within thirty miles of Shreveport to return down the Red River. Admiral Porter directed me in the Osage to bring up and protect the rear. The river at this time was at a low stage, and the Osage, in turning a bend in the river, ran hard aground. While endeavoring to float the vessel we were attacked by a force of three thousand dismounted cavalry under General Green.

"The low stage of the river and its high banks protected the Confederates from our fire. It was here that Doughty's periscope came in. The Confederates could not be seen till the head of their advancing columns appeared above the river-bank. A fierce fire swept the deck of the monitor as the enemy coming up in column of regiments would fire one volley and then fall back. Standing behind the turret, I could see in the reflector of the periscope their advancing line as it appeared over the bank. Cutting the fuses of the 11-inch shrapnel to a one-half second, and with elevation of the guns to clear the edge of the bank, I reserved our fire till their heads came in sight, and then let drive. This singular fight was kept up for an hour before the Confederates retired with a loss of some four hundred men killed and wounded, including their General Green, who was killed. On the Osage the loss was trifling. This was the only time I had occasion to use this rough instrument, but it did the work."

WANTED: NOT CHARITY, BUT JUSTICE

There is a steadily increasing, persistent, dejected procession "over the hill to the poorhouse."

There is such a thing as manufacturing paupers; and, too often, our great, well-intentioned almshouses might fitly be designated "pauper factories." Pauperism may be created through the habit of leaning upon public alms. The modern pauper is not the broken-down artisan, the aged, nor yet the derelict mendicant of the street.

Family desertions, divorce, unfortunate marriages, are feeding the maw of misery and recruiting that pathetic procession which, night and day, trudges along without ceasing toward the open door of confirmed pauperism.

The laws of most States provide that persons who are unable to care for themselves

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shall become a public charge to be cared for by the State. This is as it should be. But no resource should be left unexhausted, no stone left unturned, to prevent a person from becoming a public charge. In Chicago the County Court, for instance, has jurisdiction of pauper cases; and all who are unable to support themselves are presented to it to be adjudged public charges.

The County Judge there found that the pauper case work had outgrown the capacity of the Court. As an adjunct of the Court the Department of Social Service was organized and put into operation.

This Department takes each and every case that comes to the Court and investigates it in all its details. The first task is to find out if the person in question is incapable of self-support. This having been determined, generally in the affirmative, the next question is as to whether or not such person has relatives who, under the law, are liable for his support. To discover the facts of the matter is not difficult. The real difficulty is in compelling the persons who are liable to provide the necessary support. All too frequently a recreant father forsakes his own children and leaves them to perish or to be cared for by the public. There are few graver offenses conceivable than that of the man who launches a brood of helpless children upon the world and then leaves them to burden society and possibly to imperil the well-being of society itself. The shipmaster who sights a sinking craft and sails on, leaving it to go down, is rightly execrated by all mankind. But the family deserter, for the most part, goes on his way unpunished.

Probably the most encouraging feature in the thousands of cases which the Department has handled is the large proportion of separated couples that have been reunited. And even more satisfactory is the fact that such couples remain united and live apparently in harmony, more fully conscious that they must adjust themselves to one another. In this domain alone the Department has done incalculable service to society by restoring marital order and saving innocent children from becoming public charges by being sent to concerns devoted to the care of children for pay.

Harrowing indeed are the cases wherein parents enfeebled by age or disease appeal to the Court for public support. Have they children? Yes, they will explain; one here, another there. Sometimes the children are prosperous. And it is also a fact that the well-to-do relative most often is the most recalcitrant and obdurate objector to the performance of the duties which the law imposes upon him. In many cases much argument is required to compel liable relatives to do their duty, and in a small proportion of cases the strong arm of the Court, with its threat of the county jail, has to be invoked.

While the Department is but a little more than four years old, it has rapidly outgrown all anticipatory provision that has been made for it.

Too much stress cannot be placed on the fact that the Department of Social Service is preventive—prophylactic—of pauperism. It is not charity, but simple, even-handed justice.

PERSECUTION IN TURKEY

Two important stations of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in Asia Minor are Aintab and Marash. At Aintab the Board maintains a large men's college, a girls' seminary, and a well-equipped hospital. At Marash are located the Central Turkish Girls' College and a theological seminary. Many of the people in these cities and their surrounding villages are Christians, a very large proportion being Armenians.

It was in this part of Turkey in 1896, and again in 1909, that Mohammedans massacred Christians until the streets ran red with blood. The murderers drove their victims into buildings and burned them; homes were robbed and women outraged.

Two months ago the Mohammedans again began to bear themselves threateningly. Individual Christians received warning to keep quiet and out of sight. One night a mob invaded the Christian quarter of Aintab, firing guns and ordering every one to appear and celebrate the sinking in the Dardanelles of the ships belonging to Turkey's enemies. It was rumored that a massacre was planned, but that it was prevented by the efforts of the governor of the district.

The most sinister event, however, took place in an Armenian village near Marash. Thirty-five leading men with their families were called to the village government house and told that they were to be deported. They were not allowed to make any arrangements, to say good-by to their friends, or even to return to their homes. The group

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included the head of the orphanage in the village, an institution under American supervision. The victims were taken first to Marash, where they were not allowed to communicate with friends. The families were separated, the men being sent one way, the women and children another. The officers openly told the soldiers escorting the women to do what they pleased to them.

It is understood that the people have been sent to the region of Bagdad. This means that those who have lived hitherto in the mountains will now be placed in one of the hottest countries of the earth. They will be Christian immigrants in a population fanatically Mohammedan.

It would thus seem that the Turks have found a new way of disposing of an unwelcome Christian population other than by massacre.

KARL LAMPRECHT

The death of the Professor of History in the University of Leipsic and the author of many books should not pass unnoticed. To the world at large this means the passing of a great German scholar. To America, however, it means also the loss of a warm and influential friend.

Lamprecht was a marked personality. His face was an indication of his historical method. With his warm and aggressive personality, he grasped the dry bones of history and illuminated the story of civilization. From his ability to see the relation of things and events, he infused his own historical study and his teaching with optimism and a broad humanitarianism.

Professor Lamprecht was a director of the Department of History in the University of Leipsic, and he aimed to make his department an institution of influence and power in which students and instructors should be animated by corporate loyalty in an enthusiastic historical study. To this he secured funds to equip an old structure, the Goldener Bär, teeming with historical associations, in which he and his students and teachers might work together.

Lamprecht was a good example of German solidity and American progressiveness. He knew history with German thoroughness, but he interpreted with an American vivacity, familiarity, and fearlessness in overstepping traditions. He made it concrete and directly in keeping with the life of the individual in the world of to-day. In this connection his intimate knowledge of America and American life was surprising. He knew, not only Rome, Italy, but he knew Rome, New York, and loved to describe the seaweeds on Catalina Island, off the Californian coast.

At the present time more than at any other America is in need of the influence of those Germans in Germany who look at events with eyes friendly to America. The death of such a man as Lamprecht, therefore, will be especially mourned in this country.

THE PRESENT DANGER TO AMERICANS

It is not physical danger that Americans have most reason to resist at this time, but a moral danger. To prepare against war is a prime duty of the Government; but it is the duty of the people themselves to prepare against the perils of watching a war without participating in it. It is enervating to be thrilled by heroism of others without doing anything heroic one's self. It is degrading to witness horrors if the only result is a fascination for the horrible. It is hardening to the moral sense to remain idle and inactive in the presence of outrage.

It is this latter danger that is now the nearest to us in America—the danger of moral callousness. We have been indignant over the violation of Belgium, over the bombardment of Rheims, over the mining of the open sea, over the dropping of explosives on defenseless women and children, over the sinking of the Lusitania, but have remained *merely* indignant—until our capacity for indignation at wrong has become in a measure exhausted.

The recent loss of American lives on the Armenian finds some of us incapable even of serious protest. The common attitude in America, if one may judge from the daily press as well as from casual conversation, is an attitude of indifference if not actually apologetic. The Armenian was attempting to escape—therefore, says the man in the street, echoing the man in the newspaper office, the German submarine had a legal right to strew that merchant ship's decks with American dead. As if the question were one of legal right only!

In 1881 Mr. Evarts, then Secretary of State, writing to the American Minister at Lima concerning a practice of the Peruvian

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Government in its war with Chile, instructed the American Minister to make a "strong representation" "in the interest of a wise and chivalrous warfare."

Why is it to-day that we Americans have seemed to cease to expect war to be wise and chivalrous? Why is it that we do not dream of protesting against any act on the sole ground that it is unwise and unchivalrous? Certainly it is not because American traditions of warfare are not high. On the contrary, in Washington and Lee, in Grant and Stonewall Jackson and others, America has given to the world chivalric warriors. No, it is not because the souls of the chivalrous have not been spent on American battlefields and on the decks of American men-of-war that we now think of chivalry in war with cynicism, but because during the past ten months and more we have seen all that is dastardly in war practiced, the pledged word treated as a trifle, the defenseless systematically terrorized, and military necessity made the excuse for dishonor, and we have neither done anything nor even said anything in effectual protest.

More than it has lost to trade, in material prosperity, in any tangible value, America has lost in moral sensitiveness.

If in the first week of the war a British cruiser had pounced upon a German merchantman with American employees aboard, had ordered the merchantman to stop, and after meeting with refusal had rained shot and shell on the deck of the merchantman, and had killed a dozen or a score of Americans, would not the entire country have been aflame with indignation at England; and would there not have been a widespread demand for protest against such a reckless massacre in warfare, contrary to the traditions of the English people as well as our own? Less than a year has passed. A German submarine has sunk the great liner the Lusitania. The Imperial German Government has announced in an official communication that it "is unable to consider English merchant vessels any longer as 'undefended territory' in the zone of maritime war," and that "the German commanders are no longer in a position to observe the rules of capture." Our Government sends notes to Germany, and Germany sends a note or two in reply. Nothing is done. Nothing effective is even said. The German submarines, outlawed by the avowal of their own Government, continue their depredations in disregard of all the customs of civilized warfare on the sea. Then comes word that Americans have been killed by the attack of a German submarine on a fleeing English merchantman. It is reported that the merchantman made only the passive resistance of flight, that the submarine showered the merchantman's deck with shrapnel (which is not used for disabling a boat, but for killing), and many Americans are not even indignant. Instead, they run to their law shelves, find that if a vessel flees she is subject to attack, and breathe a sigh of relief on the ground that everything is excused.

If an American naval commander had done what the commander of the U-38 did, we believe that American public opinion even in wartime would have demanded his court-martial. The American navy has traditions of honor that are of more value than many enemy merchant vessels. And the United States cannot afford to have established as precedents in this war practices which would be repugnant to its own sense of honor as established in the past, and thus be forced to concede to a future enemy that which its own navy would, in deference to its history, have to repudiate.

The methods of warfare are changing, and with them the rules of warfare change also. There are some who welcome every new barbarity because, they say, war is barbarous, and the more horrible it becomes the sooner it will cease to be. This is the same argument by which certain industrial revolutionists protest against any alleviation of industrial ills, on the ground that the more destructive of child life, the more noisome, the more burdensome for women, the more deadening to the souls and bodies of men the factories become, the sooner the present industrial system will become intolerable and will be swept away. This is not the testimony of history. Civilization is not made stronger by extending the rule of barbarism. If war is to cease, it will cease by becoming not more barbarous, but by becoming more civilized. Americans are interested in doing away with war; therefore let them stir themselves to do away one by one with its barbarities. If international law is to be stretched in time of war, let Americans see to it that it is stretched, not in the interest of more barbarism, but, in the words of Evarts, "in the interest of a wise and chivalric warfare."

This America must bend its will to do, if it is not to lose its own soul.

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"THE MAKER OF MEXICO"

One of the best-known biographies of Porfirio Diaz bears the title "Maker of Mexico." Since the death of the famous dictator at Paris on July 2 more than one of the press articles about him have had such titles as "The Man Who Made Mexico." There is deep, if unconscious, irony in thus ascribing to Diaz the "making" of a country which is to-day all but hopelessly torn by faction, steeped in ignorance, unable to find escape from anarchy and contention. Yet it is true that General Diaz did, in the large sense, make Mexico what it is. He has been called a constructive statesman, a builder-up, and this also is true; but he builded on the foundations of autocracy, not those of democracy. The rule of the strong hand means that when the hand is lifted there is nothing left to take its place. Under a dictator of such splendid abilities as Diaz possessed a country may gain in wealth, may preserve internal peace, may maintain friendly relations with the world; the few may even advance in the arts and in social elegance, but the many have no initiative, no power to help themselves in a political emergency.

It is easy to propose that one benevolent and able despot should follow another, but Mexico's history for the past three years shows the futility of such a plan. It is because the Mexicans left everything to Diaz for thirty years that they must be helped to help themselves, that a beginning must be made to instill in them the ideas of democracy and to arouse a common effort toward self-government. It is because no such effort has been made by their own rulers that it almost certainly must in the end be made from outside. Those who say that the Mexicans are fit only for the rule of a dictator should recognize the fact that they must be made fit for something else. Otherwise periods of revolution, political slavery, material advance without moral gain, will succeed one another in rotation, and endlessly. The war now going on abroad is essentially one between autocracy and democracy; on this side the Atlantic we must see to it that there is everywhere a growth, however slow and halting, in the democratic ideal.

All this does not prevent one from recognizing in Porfirio Diaz a man of surprising force of character, and in many ways a lover of his country. As a soldier he followed the fortunes of President Juarez and was foremost in helping that remarkable man to fight the French and to hold back Bazaine and Maximilian until the end of our Civil War put an end to the ill-fated scheme of a Mexican Empire under a foreign ruler. Later he became the rival of Juarez, and again of Lerdo, who was the legal successor of Juarez. His soldier's life abounded in adventure, in sudden successes (as when, with seven hundred men against two thousand, he captured Oaxaca), and he was a military leader of distinct genius. It was in 1876 that Diaz drove Lerdo out of Mexico and had Congress declare him President. In all, Diaz was eight times elected President. No doubt he was a ruthless fighter and his own interests stood higher with him than law or Constitution, although in his early career he was a Liberal, a Constitutionalist, and strongly anti-clerical. On the other hand, his organizing ability was extraordinary, and in finance, railway building, the establishing of commerce, the attracting of foreign capital, and in industrial development, as well as in certain phases of educational development, Diaz worked with vigor and effectiveness. He wholly underestimated, however, the rising tide of opposition to his rule, and when Madero stirred the masses to revolt Diaz had little military strength with which to meet the attack.

Diaz's collapse was of startling rapidity. As one writer succinctly says: "Absolute rule broke down absolutely. Arbitrary government lapsed into anarchy." The Mexico of the future must be built out of national aspiration and character; it must not rest on the strength of any one man's will.

TO AN UNKNOWN READER

There are many incidents in the life of Jesus Christ which answer your question. From them I select two.

Peter had denied his Lord. He had been warned beforehand; had, in spite of the warning, rushed into the dangerous temptation, had yielded to it and played the coward. The Gospel of John gives us an account of the first interview between Jesus and Peter after Peter's cowardly crime. One must try to conceive the scene: The Sea of Galilee, the early morning sun rising over the hills, the disciples wearied with their fruitless all-night fishing but awe-struck by the unexpected reappearance of their Master, the breakfast which he had himself cooked for

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his disciples eaten, and the Master and his companions sitting on the beach, when the following conversation takes place between the Master and his humiliated disciple, robbed by his fault of all his self-confidence:

The Master. Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?

Peter (hesitatingly). Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I have—affection for thee.

The Master. Feed my lambs.

The Master. Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?

Peter. Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I have—affection for thee.

The Master. Shepherd my sheep.

The Master. Simon, son of Jonas, hast thou affection for me?

Peter. Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I have affection for thee.

The Master. Feed my little sheep.

Jesus utters no reproach, not even any rebuke, prescribes no penance, demands no tears, wants no anguished repenting; but he probes the self-confident disciple, makes him probe himself and see for himself what his cowardly crime meant in lack of real, profound loyalty and love for his Lord. Then he gives Peter again, as it were, the keys of His office, and lays on him the whole duty of an apostle—a ministry to all sorts and conditions of men and women of every age, from the little children to the fathers and the mothers. The only condition which he requires of the repentant disciple is that he shall take up his work anew and carry it on with lessened confidence in himself and greater loyalty to his Master.

The second incident I will narrate here in the words of the Evangelist:

> And early in the morning he came again into the temple, and all the people came unto him; and he sat down, and taught them. And the scribes and Pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery; and when they had set her in the midst, they say unto him, Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act. Now Moses in the law commanded us, that such should be stoned: but what sayest thou? This they said, tempting him, that they might have to accuse him. But Jesus stooped down, and with his finger wrote on the ground, as though he heard them not. So when they continued asking him, he lifted up himself, and said unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her. And again he stooped down, and wrote on the ground. And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last: and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst. When Jesus had lifted up himself, and saw none but the woman, he said unto her, Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee? She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.

Why did Jesus stoop and write upon the ground? Not only that he might not look upon her in her confusion. His action turned all eyes from the wretched woman, in her anguish of shame and terror. She stood alone and forgotten; all eyes were then and have ever since been fixed on the figure of the Christ, wondering what and why he wrote in the dust. When he rose, he uttered no reproach, no rebuke even; he imposed no penance, spoke of no penalty, demanded of her no penitential tears. Only one evidence of her repentance did he ask, That she should go out into life and never repeat her sin.

These two incidents illustrate in action the message of the Gospel to the wrong-doer. It is this message which distinguishes the religion of Christ from all pagan religions, however high or noble the ideals which they set before their votaries. It is repeated again and again, not only by the Christ but by the prophets of the Old Testament and the Apostles of the New. It is the message of Isaiah, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." The only condition is forsaking the sin and returning to God. It is repeated in the prophetic declarations that God buries our sins in the depths of the sea, that he blots them out of the book of his remembrance, that he remembers them against us no more forever. It is interpreted by the parable of the prodigal son, by the declaration of John that the sacrifice of Christ cleanses us from all sin, by the counsel of Paul that we forget the things that are behind and press forward toward the upward calling of God in Christ Jesus.

Christ did not palliate wrong-doing. He did not treat the wrong-doer as a victim more sinned against than sinning. He demanded repentance. But the repentance he demanded was not emotion nor words, but action. The only evidence of repentance he required, the only evidence he recognized, was ceasing to do evil and entering upon a new life of righteous service.

When one has committed a sin, his first

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duty is to recognize the fact, to seek for no justification, excuse, or apology, to consider what lesson his wrong-doing has for him, what revelation of his inmost character it makes to him. He is next to consider whether he has injured any one by his wrong-doing, and, if so, what he can do to repair the injury. Then he is to take up again the duties of life and go on, better prepared to fulfill those duties because he knows, as he did not know before, what are the weaknesses of his character and what the temptations which he must avoid. Whether he is to confess to others the wrong he has done depends wholly upon the question whether that confession will be of any benefit to them. No one is under obligation to unroll the book of his life and interpret its secret writing to the world; no one is playing false because he does not write in letters for others to read the story of his past, or even the secrets of his present experience. There is only One to whom this self-revelation must be made, and to Him only because in His help is strength for the newness of life to which He calls us.

Confession is never an end in itself; it is only a means to an end.

It is sometimes said by Gospel preachers that if one has repented of his sin and confessed to his heavenly Father, he is as if he had not sinned. This is not true. Sin leaves its indelible impress on the character. Innocence, once lost, can never be regained. There is a joy in forgiveness, but it is not the same as the joy of sinlessness. The Book of Revelation represents the forgiven in heaven singing their anthems of praise to Him who has redeemed them by His blood. But this anthem of praise is declared to be a new song. Peter was never the same man after his sin that he was before it; the forgiven woman, never the same woman that she was before she had fallen. But to both there was given the experience of a new life, to both a call to service which they could better fulfill because they had known through their own bitter experience, not only their own weakness, but the needs of their fellow-men.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE VERSATILE POLICEMEN OF NEW YORK

THE recent outdoor carnival of the policemen of New York City, a spectacle unprecedented in America, left no doubt in the minds of those who saw it that the metropolitan "cop" is a being more versatile than even Kipling's marine, "soldier and sailor too." Soldier, actor, circus rider, and athlete the New York policeman proved himself to be in the two thrilling performances given on successive Saturdays for the benefit of the widows and orphans of members of the force killed in the performance of duty.

To begin with, some of the band of brawny men that came from Ireland to wear the New York police uniform and who subsequently won much renown for themselves and reputation for American athletics in the Olympic games, some of this band of internationally famous giants hurdled and broad-jumped and tossed huge weights with astonishing ease. Then members of the mounted force performed in a manner to make a cowboy envious. One lithe rider overtook a "runaway" horse bearing a fellow-member of the force dressed in feminine apparel, and at full gallop lifted the "woman" from her horse to his own. Three other blue-coated daredevils essayed to rescue two dummy "women" and a sawdust "baby" in a carriage runaway. Two of them overhauled the plunging horses, and, sawing at their mouths, brought them to a standstill, while the third, leaning from his saddle when the "baby" bounced out of the swaying vehicle, picked the infant off the ground and dropped it back on to the seat with its "mother" as the carriage came to a stop.

The thirty-five thousand odd spectators who crowded into the race-track where the carnival was held were greatly interested in the work of the highly trained police dogs. Through a window on a very realistic stage provided by a moving-picture company stepped a burglar, a rôle taken by one of the histrionic stars of the Department. As he was filling his pack with silverware from a chest which he skillfully "jimmied" the mistress of the house entered. She was attacked by the intruder, but her screams brought a policeman and his dog. The dog, although muzzled for safety's sake, leaped at the footpad, and, catching him off his bal-

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ance, knocked him down, when the policeman made him a prisoner.

All these events were well worth the price of admission, but the feature of the carnival which alone would have been worth going a day's journey to see was a sham battle staged by members of the Veteran Battalion of the Police Department, which is made up of men who have seen service in the army.

Two hundred and fifty men, armed only with rifles, alternately crawled and charged across a field under a hot fire from fifty others concealed behind a hedge, who, in addition to firing their small arms, poured out a deadly fire from a battery of field-pieces. The roar of the cannon, the sharp bark of the army rifles, the sight of the "dead and wounded" most realistically strewing the sward, where they were examined or treated by the men of the ambulance corps, was more thrilling than even the rescue of the sawdust baby or the work of the Belgian war hounds. The battery was not captured until about fifty per cent of the attacking force had been theoretically hit.

After the fight Major-General Leonard Wood, who had been an interested spectator, said:

"I wish we had a million men like these in our army. A spectacle of this kind is of great public importance, for it ought to prove the necessity for trained, drilled men. Considering the narrow area of operations, the sham battle was very well done."

General Wood is right. The sham battle was valuable because no one who saw it could come away with the belief that such a maneuver could have been accomplished by any fraction of the million untrained men that we have been told would spring to arms in our defense between sunrise and sunset if our country were to be attacked by a foreign foe.

But for another reason such performances as this whole police carnival are important, because they bring the public close to the men who are protecting it in person and property three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. The police arm has often been a sore part of the American municipal body politic. New York is not the only American city that has had its disclosures of unhealthy, corrupting influences in the police force. It is right that the public should see the brighter side of the police shield, should know of the initiative, rugged honesty, and unreckoning courage of the average policeman in the performance of his duty.

THE LAST DAY IN THE SUN BUILDING

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

IN 1868 Charles A. Dana purchased the old Tammany Hall, at Nassau and Frankfort Streets, and moved into it the New York "Sun," then thirty-five years old. For forty-seven years a great newspaper was got out in this little, few-storied, red-brick building. The home of questionable political repute became a beacon in American journalism. For nearly half a century the "Sun" shone out through the always dirty little windows, shooting its powerful darts unmindful of rickety floorings and overcrowded rooms, and growing more complex in its machinery as it added such activities as the "Evening Sun" and the "Sunday Sun."

Finally, on Saturday, July 3, 1915, came moving day, the last in the old building—a day to test the stoutest newsman to get out the many evening editions on desks that flew away while their owners were still using them. "Saturday's generally easy," they said; "there'll be little news. The presses are half of them set up in the new building now. There's only the office furniture and ourselves to go. We'll be getting out the 'Sporting Final' on soap-boxes. Pray Heaven no big story breaks!"

A faint prayer or an unkind fate. Scarcely had the first edition of the "Evening Sun" gone to press, at 9:55 A.M., when the telephone brought a rumor from a Wall Street reporter that Mr. J. P. Morgan had been shot by a burglar at his home in Glen Cove, Long Island. "It's all over the Street," he reported. "I am in the Morgan office now. No, I can't confirm it, but I'll stand by the 'phone and call you the moment I hear."

The city editor snorted. "Such a story, on such a day, even if it were true!" Just then the messenger boy from a news agency came sauntering in. The editor snatched at the paper he carried. The long sheet held

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only three lines—a bulletin: "Glen Cove, L. I. Reported here that J. P. Morgan—" "It's true!" cried the editor, for the same reports had come from places thirty miles apart. "You write the heads; I'll clear the paper. Let me know the moment you're sure." And the city editor bolted up the iron stairs to the composing-room.

Being sure on so big and so important a story is the vital thing. Quick work on half a dozen telephones settled the bare fact. No rumor to manipulate the Stock Exchange here. Mr. Morgan was shot indeed! The bulletin was helpful. "By a crank," it said. Enough to go to the street on. In a few minutes the paper was on the presses, moments afterwards in the newsboys' hands, and "the town beaten" by twelve minutes.

All in the day's work, the newspaper day; but now the rub was on. At noon the wreckers came into the office to sweep it clean of chairs and tables, books, telephones, and typewriters. Everything must go. They would tear the very heart from its body and still expect it to keep on beating, for the paper must come out as usual, though all its machinery be removed.

Everything was yet to be learned about the shooting. Who did it? Why, where, how? Were there accomplices? Rumors of dynamite, Germans, British Ambassador, flew about. The wires of half the telephones were out, but still the news must be had. Washington, Ithaca, New York, and Dallas, Texas, must be queried by telegraph. The stories from the men sent to Glen Cove, to police stations, to consulates and banking houses, must be taken and turned into print, "with pictures." One reporter, turning from a telephone with a big message to write down, found his machine gone, and as he expostulated loudly his desk followed. An editor, feverish over headlines which must catch an edition, had his pencil knocked from his hands by tremendous blows rained on the city desk. A deaf workman was pounding the desk legs loose from the floor, heedless of objurgations. "Call off the workmen for ten minutes," they begged. "Bring back that typewriter! we must have one or two machines. Be careful with those glue-pots! you're pouring the stuff all over the library books."

So it went. Bedlam and "big news" mixed. At 6:20, when the editors had no place to sit, almost none to stand, came the last sensation of the day—confession that Mr. Morgan's assailant and the bomb planter in the Capitol at Washington were the same. One more extra! It was "put to bed" (the presses locked) within sixty seconds of the "dead line" (the Printers' Union's quitting hour). Another beat!

Bang! went the presses for the last time. The day was over. The "Sun" was setting on old Tammany Hall. Worn out but triumphant, the editors marched out, and in Park Row looked back at the outgrown shell, now turned to wrack and chaos. One of them quoted what the paper's poet had written a few days before:

"Beneath those dim and aged eaves
Were traced with many a driven pen
The heartbeats of a hundred years,
The moving pageantry of men!

But now no more of triumphs won,
Good friend, thy usefulness is done.
Young heart that strode the stair to fame,
Old heart that could not quit the game,
The book is closed wherein ye write,
The hour has struck. Give ye good-night!"

A CRIMINAL JUDGE ON THE CAUSES AND CURE OF CRIME

JUDGE EDWARD SWANN, who for eight years has been sitting on the bench in the Court of General Sessions in New York City, trying criminal cases ranging all the way from ordinary theft up to murder, gave recently to the New York "Sun" an interesting interview containing much valuable information and suggestions respecting the causes and cure of crime.

Most of the men, he says, who are brought before him charged with crime "are there because of their intent and desire of getting something without giving an equivalent therefor." This is not true of women, who rarely commit crime involving their personal integrity. "It is the general rule that when an offense of larceny has been committed by a woman, officers of the law always look, and at once, for the man in the case who inspires such wrong-doing." A large proportion of

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the criminals are boys of seventeen or eighteen, who in the eyes of the law are "infants."

The cause of their crime is generally lack of home government. "It is generally the individual home that is at fault, the ignorance, the carelessness, the laxity of parents in the individual home." Often the father is "immersed in his work, toiling, thinking, planning day and night to increase his wealth, and the mother, with all her material wants supplied, and nothing else to occupy her active mind and body, is an active advocate of advanced ideas." The basis of these advanced ideas is that each individual, including the mother and the children, should be allowed to do about as they please without restraint or interference. Judge Swann thinks this conception of life "is by no means confined to a small and limited number," and rightly urges that the first duty of parents "is support of the family; the second is so to guide and instruct the children that they will become good citizens, respectable members of the community, a source of strength to the State." What they call advanced ideas Judge Swann characterizes as "a reversion of intelligence, a slipping backward from true civilization toward that state of social individualism which, when carried to logical conclusions, spells anarchy."

Judge Swann thinks that the sympathy for the convicted criminal and the efforts made to postpone sentence or to procure pardon are often injurious both to the criminal and to society. Those who thus attempt to relieve the criminal from the consequences of his misconduct Judge Swann divides into three classes: First, those who are prompted by a generous impulse to help the unfortunate; second, those who have been moved by appeals from personal friends of the criminal; third, those who offer to give work to the convict if the Court will suspend sentence, which they do "for the simple purpose of getting him to work for less than he is worth."

In respect to the cure of crime, Judge Swann thinks that there is danger of a sentimental sympathy for criminals operating both as an injury to the convict and to society. "Too many women of deep sympathy and too many tender-hearted men seem to lose their sense of justice now and then, being carried away by what may be termed the glamour of crime. To such persons there appears to be something picturesque, almost romantic, in the idea of extending a hand of helpfulness to a man just out of prison, or striving to get him off with suspended or indeterminate sentence." He adds: "There is no question whatever in my mind that teaching the criminal that he is more sinned against than sinning, and that he is the product of social conditions, has a bad influence. It weakens the moral fiber of the criminal. It makes him feel that he is not responsible for his own lawless act. It inevitably instills in his mind the subtile, vicious idea that he cannot help doing wrong, and inculcates the equally dangerous idea that there is no use in combating conditions which surround him."

In the judgment of The Outlook, these views of Judge Swann are deserving of the very careful consideration, not only of those who are dealing with the criminal classes, but with parents, teachers, and all who have to do with the problem of moral training. The fundamental condition of successful dealing with wrong-doers is a sense of justice. Any assumption that they could not help doing wrong and are unfortunate victims, not sinners, is fatal. But, on the other hand, history has demonstrated that the deterrent power of fear is founded on fallacy. Fear has very little effect in preventing wrong-doing. There should be punishment, but the object of the punishment should always be to cure crime, not merely to prevent it; to change the inward disposition of the offender so that his desires will be virtuous, not vicious; to create in him the desire to render service to society and so displace the desire to get out of society something for nothing. The indeterminate sentence is founded on the belief that punishment should be curative, not vindictive. Its object should be, not to exact so much penalty for so much wrong-doing, but to send the wrong-doer back into the community with a serious resolve to lead a better life in the future. And this is equally true whether the wrong-doer be a child in the family, a pupil in the school, or a criminal in the State.

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GENERAL JOFFRE'S PERSONALITY

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

"*COM lo vi del sen endret*," they say of Joffre in his own Catalonian tongue, half French, half Spanish, "*lo moscat de Rivesaltes: fortalesa y parfum embolicats de dolçor!*"—"He is like the wine of his country, the muscat of Rivesaltes: power and spirit wrapped in sweetness." And the more one learns of him, the more do the wonderful sweetness and gentleness of his character stand out. As a school-boy he was singularly gentle; as a cadet at the École Polytechnique (the West Point of France) he is remembered as gentle and reserved; as an officer, at home and in the colonies, he gave a mingled impression of gentleness and force; in Paris, already high up in the councils of the army, he was known for the serenity and charm of his home, his devotion to his two little daughters. And now, when he commands the most perfect army in the world, his soldiers adore him for the same qualities of the heart. They are radiantly happy when their heroism has drawn forth his cordial praise and they can say, "*Grand-père est content*" (Grandpapa is pleased).

A younger sister of the General's has old records showing that the family came from Spain, changing the surname de Gouffre to the more French-sounding Joffre. The General's great-grandfather was the first who came to France, driven from his home by some political upheaval. He became a merchant, and left a son, who followed in his steps, married, had several daughters, and, at forty-three, a son. He then lost his wife, and he took it so to heart that he lost all ambition and let everything slip through his fingers. The late-coming son was left almost to his own devices.

His practical sense led him to learn a trade. He apprenticed himself to a cooper and worked hard till he was of age to marry, when he inherited a modest fortune from his mother. But he prudently held on to his trade—the making of oak barrels for the scented muscat wine of Perpignan—and settled in a comfortable house in one of the streets of Rivesaltes, the quaint little town among the vineyards in the old Roussillon district, where the snow-capped Pyrenees jut out upon the Mediterranean. It is curious that three of the leaders of militant France to-day were born under the shadow of the Pyrenees: Joffre, at the eastern extremity; Gallieni, about the center of the chain; Foch, who marshaled the Battle of Flanders, at the west end of the mountains.

Joffre the cooper, the General's father, in due time mobilized an army of his own: eleven children, of whom, besides the General, a brother and sister remain. The future victor of the Marne was born on January 12, 1852. Two days later his good father, Gilles Joffre, entered the newcomer at the registry office as Joseph Jacques Césaire, "*un enfant du sexe masculin*." In due time the blond, blue-eyed, gentle boy went to school, and to the College of Perpignan, where his ardent desire for a military career took form. At fifteen and a half he went to Paris to prepare for the very stiff entrance examination of the École Polytechnique. In 1869 there were almost seven hundred candidates for one hundred and thirty-six places. Against this sharp competition young Joffre passed fourteenth. He would have done better, for he was very strong in mathematics, but "he could not swallow German," and that held him back. He learned that tongue very thoroughly, however, in the next two years.

The École Polytechnique is in many things very like our own West Point; in other things the contrast is sharp. It is in the heart of old Paris, on the hill of Saint-Geneviève, south of the Seine, opposite the island where Notre Dame stands. The students are subject to military discipline; each of the two classes—for the course is for two years only—forms a battalion, divided into two companies, each company having a captain, two adjutants, and thirteen sergeants. Joffre's place at entrance made him a sergeant, responsible for order in one of the class-rooms, and it is still remembered that the blue-eyed southern boy, the youngest in the class-room, had hard work to keep his squad in order. While Joffre was there the École Polytechnique was strongly opposed to the régime of Louis Napoleon, and the year before he entered the cadets voted almost unanimously to refuse to cheer the Prince Imperial when he came to visit them. Perhaps it was there,

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and through the sense of the military rottenness of the Second Empire, that Joffre got the strongly republican bent of mind which he has preserved to the present day, but which has never prevented his choosing ardent monarchists like General de Castelnau and General Pau to lead his armies; has also never prevented his cashiering the strongest partisan republicans among the generals if they did not know how to handle troops. For with his sweetness and gentleness Joffre is absolutely loyal and firm in all that touches duty.

The course at the École Polytechnique is divided into two years, separated by an intermediate examination, and each divided into two semesters. The chief studies are chemistry, physics, mathematics, history, literature, and German—the only language studied there except French. And just as West Point has its jargon, so has the French West Point, and, curiously enough, that jargon is strongly tinged with German. Thus the cadets chosen by lot to recite are called *les Schicksalés* (the fated), though those who fail in the final examination are mocked in French as *les fruits secs* (the withered fruit). The cadets rise at six, have roll-call at half-past six, breakfast at half-past eight, and studies until two. The hours after dinner are chiefly dedicated to physical exercise, riding, gymnasium, fencing, and the like. Supper comes at nine, then more study, and bed. The cadets have Wednesday afternoons and Sundays free, and are allowed to go out into the big city to amuse themselves.

Such was young Joffre's life for eighteen months, the holidays being passed at Rivesaltes under the Pyrenees, to which his heart has always gone back and goes back still. In his first year he did only fairly well, his work flagging a little, so that he lost a good many places at the intermediate examination, falling from fourteenth to thirty-fifth. The notes on his work are interesting. He still did badly in German, but in all other subjects fairly well, with an average of sixteen marks out of a maximum of twenty. He was rather a "good all-round man" than a specialist at any study.

In the following year Joffre and his classmates did not pass their final examination—for a formidable reason. In the summer the war boldly and unscrupulously engineered by Bismarck, who plotted and forged to make it appear that Germany was not the aggressor, burst upon France; and Joffre and his hundred and thirty classmates hurried into military service, with the rank of sub-lieutenant, being sent to the battery of the Porte d'Italie, and distributed in the five bastions from the eighty-fifth to the eighty-ninth. Joffre was thus under fire in a hard campaign before he was eighteen, and the sorrow and humiliation of the siege and surrender of Paris and the loss of the two eastern provinces made an indelible impression on his heart. After the great Battle of the Marne he wrote to General Maunoury and the Sixth Army, which, coming from the west, smashed the right wing of von Kluck's forces: "As for me, if I have accomplished anything, I have been rewarded by the greatest honor which has been conferred on me in a long career: that of commanding men like you. It is with lively feeling that I thank you for what you have done, for I owe to you that toward which, through forty-four years, all my efforts and all my energies were strained: *la revanche de 1870*" (retribution for 1870).

In 1871, while the new-born Third Republic was painfully struggling with enemies at home and abroad, young Joffre went back to his studies at the École Polytechnique, entering the Corps of Engineers, and a little later going for more advanced studies to the War College at Fontainebleau.

When he had thoroughly learned his trade, he was set, with other young engineers, to repair and renew the defenses of Paris. Marshal MacMahon was then the great figure in France, President of the Republic. He made an examination of the new defenses in the spring of 1876, at a time when Queen Victoria was in Paris, and was greatly impressed by the work done by Lieutenant Joffre, and even more by his quietness and force. The story goes that he stepped up to Joffre and greeted him: "*Mes compliments, mon capitaine!*" thus giving him a step of promotion. At any rate, it is certain that Joffre was gazetted captain on April 22, 1876.

From Paris Captain Joffre was transferred to Pontarlier, on the backbone of the Juras; and then to Montpellier, on the Mediterranean, the station of the Sixteenth Army Corps, where he went as captain commanding a company in 1882, being then just thirty years old.

This is the period of his first marriage, a singularly happy one, but eclipsed by early disaster, for his wife died in 1885, leaving him desolate. So deeply did he feel his bereave-

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ment that he determined to leave France, and sought and received permission to take part in Admiral Courbet's expedition to Tonkin. Captain Joffre was first assigned to certain engineering tasks, but Admiral Courbet recognized in him a first-rate fighting man, and took him to Formosa to share the attack on the pirates of the Pescadores Islands, which Joffre did with such gallantry that Admiral Courbet obtained for him the Cross of the Legion of Honor at the close of 1885.

After the fighting was over Captain Joffre remained at Hanhoï as Chief of Engineers, to organize the defenses of Upper Tonkin. One who knew him at that time describes him as a rather silent officer, in love with his trade, every detail of which he knew admirably, and animated by ardent patriotism. "The remembrance of 1870, the 'terrible year,' never went to sleep in this silent soul." Although chiefly occupied with the work of his profession, he was skillful in all tasks intrusted to him. Asked to organize an exhibition of art and industry at Hanhoï, he did it remarkably well, handling the checkered silks and wood-carvings of the Orient as lovingly as if they had been shrapnel shells.

When he had been in Tonkin three years, General Mensier, who had seen him at work and had formed a very high opinion of him, brought him home again to Paris, to the Department of Engineering at the War Ministry, of which he was head, M. Freycinet being then Minister of War.

Promoted chief of battalion in 1889, Joffre passed to the Department of Military Railways, and shortly after went back to Fontainebleau in the forest—this time as Professor of Fortification.

During all this time Joffre never lost touch with Rivesaltes, the hot little town of the Midi, with houses gathered about the old Saracen tower, its walls washed by the torrential stream of the Agly—called, perhaps, after one of the Graces attendant on Venus—which comes rushing down from a spur of the Pyrenees. It was his joy to visit his old father, the maker of wine-casks, and to play cards with him or the uncles and friends of an evening. They all talked Catalonian, the richly colored dialect of the regions, French and Spanish, lying on both sides of the mountains, for Catalonian has always been very dear to Joffre's heart. There is a very humorous illustration of this, dating from the days before his journey to Tonkin. On one of his vacations in the south he went to examine the fortifications of Ponts-de-Molls. The officer in command of the fortress had him arrested as a German spy. Joffre, with his habitual quietness, allowed himself to be brought before the authorities; then, in broadest Catalonian, he announced: "*Soun un Allemany de Rivesaltes, que ten tres galons sobre la matelotte;*" which I take to mean, "I am a 'German' from Rivesaltes, with three gold bands on my cap"—that is, a captain in the French army.

With his old friends in the little old town he has always been the same—gentle, cordial, simple, ready to give a greeting and talk about old times. During one of the games of manila with his old father the talk turned on his father's vineyard at Bompas—the little property which had come to him from his mother. Joffre, then a major of engineers, advised his father to cut oblique trenches across it, to carry off the floods which the mountains were always gathering and sending down, and to check the spring inundations. "Eh, what the deuce!" said the young officer. "I know something about trenches. That is my job."—"I know something about trenches. That is my job." What a significance the words have now!

Joffre's knowledge, not so much of trenches as of military railroading, got him his next colonial billet. It was the time of the eastward move across the Sudan from the old colony of Senegal, with its capital at the river mouth, named after Saint Louis. This country General Gallieni had thoroughly worked over some years earlier, writing two excellent books about it and cutting a way through the forests, teeming with lions and hippopotamus, which lie between the Senegal and the upper Niger. And it was along Gallieni's route, from Kayes to Bafoulabe, that Major Joffre began to build the present railway line. Curiously enough, it was in the steaming wilderness of the western Sudan that he was first to gain a national fame.

Joffre has always been taciturn: he has never written in the sense that Gallieni has. But of this African adventure he did write an account which sheds much light on the character and power of the man. It was decided that an advance should be made on Timbuktu. Colonel Bonnier was sent along the Niger by boat. Major Joffre was to go by land to the north of the river. He was in command of a column of more than a

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thousand men, two-thirds of whom were native porters or servants; the remainder, excepting a few French officers, were those Senegalese troops who have given so good an account of themselves in the last few months. So, turning his back on track-laying, Joffre set out from Segu on December 27, 1893, with directions to take possession of the regions between Segu and Timbuktu, and to meet Colonel Bonnier there. Joffre's report, which records the operations of his column during something over six months, is a model of clarity, revealing the methodical prudence with which he laid his plans to lead, revictual, and protect his troop and convoy. He gathered information as to all the resources of the country, the Tawarek methods of fighting, and the relations between the tribes. And he was as vigorous as he was prudent. In the second half of his journey fighting became frequent. These conflicts were not imposed by the enemy, but were brought on by Joffre, who always kept the initiative in his own hands, and compelled respect for his nation's flag. At Goundam he forcibly took possession of the single track across the marshlands which was to lead him to Timbuktu. But he never made the junction with Bonnier, for that ill-starred commander was ambushed and killed, with his whole force, on January 15, 1894, fourteen Frenchmen being among the slain. Joffre entered Timbuktu on February 12, after a difficult march of more than five hundred miles, only to learn of Colonel Bonnier's disaster. He found there also despatches summoning him back to Kayes and track-laying. At this point Joffre showed the higher sense of discipline which enables an officer to put aside the form of an order and obey its substance. He decided that the radical change in the situation made it imperative for him to remain at Timbuktu, and, after avenging Bonnier and burying the bones of the fallen Frenchmen, he did remain, turning Timbuktu into a strong and very prosperous French post. New despatches approved and confirmed his decision to remain, all France rang with his achievement, and he was gazetted lieutenant-colonel on March 6.

It is interesting to remember that another distinguished soldier, whom Joffre was later to know singularly well, and who was, like Joffre, a veteran of the war of 1870, was at this time sirdar of another African army. As Bonnier was killed at Timbuktu, so Gordon was killed at Khartum. As Joffre avenged Bonnier, so Kitchener, between four and five years later, avenged Gordon at Omdurman. And, as Kitchener's name was associated in the hearts of Englishmen with one city of the Sudan, so Joffre's name in the hearts of Frenchmen was associated with another city of the Sudan. The Third Republic does not confer peerages, but Joffre was rewarded by an added degree of the Legion of Honor, as Kitchener was rewarded with a higher degree of the Order of the Bath. The two men are almost of an age, Kitchener being a few months the senior. They were at the great military schools of engineering—Woolwich and the École Polytechnique—at the same time, and now they are fighting together against France's inveterate foe.

When Colonel Joffre returned to Paris, it was to take up the work of Secretary of the Commission on Military Inventions at the War Ministry, a proof of the versatility of his genius, and a further step in his preparation for the great work that lay before him.

In December, 1899, General Gallieni, who had been doing wonderful work as Governor-General of Madagascar, the island colony bigger than France, picked Colonel Joffre to lead a corps of six thousand men to go to Diego Suarez, the wonderful harbor at the north end of the island, and turn it into a first-class fortified naval base. One of the interesting things in Gallieni's admirable book on Madagascar is the pen picture of Joffre and the fine work he accomplished there.

By the end of 1900 the task was completed, and Joffre returned to France. In 1901 two excellent things befell him: he was married again, to the present Mme. Joffre, who was Henriette Rosalie Renou, at Paris, on April 26, and was gazetted general of brigade on October 12. It is characteristic of the whole man that he at once introduced his new wife to the sultry little town beneath the Pyrenees, buying a house there, on the Place du Pont, at the beginning of the Boulevard Joffre—a solid, plain house with a garden full of trees. So it comes that there are two Joffre houses in Rivesaltes, both plain and simple, but the birthplace the simpler of the two. One is reminded of a quiet little town in Warwickshire where the son of a good and simple citizen was born, and whither, after gaining some fame as a writer of plays and verses and winning a modest fortune, he

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returned. In Stratford also they show two houses, the birthplace the simpler of the two.

One of his cronies in Rivesaltes, who had "thou'ed" Joffre for many a year, met him once more when he went back to the little town as General Joffre, and addressed him more formally as "you." But Joffre would have none of it, and they went back to "thou" and Catalonian. There is one thing, however, that the good folk of Rivesaltes do not say to Joffre, even in his dear Catalonian. They do not come to him with recommendations of ambitious youths—not a second time, at any rate. No one has ever exercised a "pull" on Joffre, not even the Minister of War. He tells those who try that he himself made his way by hard work, tenacity, energy. That is the true way. Let the ambitious youth do the same.

There was one branch of training which General Joffre still lacked: practical experience in handling large bodies of French troops of the different arms. This practice he was now to gain. As brigadier-general he commanded a brigade of artillery at Vincennes in 1902, after which he was made head of the Department of Engineering at the War Ministry. On March 23, 1905, he was gazetted general of division, and commanded the Sixth Division of infantry, one of the two divisions constituting the Third Army Corps, whose staff town is Rouen. After another interval at the War Ministry he finally commanded a full army corps, the Second, whose staff town is Amiens. Thus it fell to him to maneuver large bodies of troops—cavalry, infantry, and artillery—over the battlefields of the present war.

In 1910 General Joffre was made a member of the Supreme Council of War, a committee of a dozen or more generals, with the War Minister as Chairman, which makes all capital decisions for the French army. And finally, in the summer of 1911, Joffre was chosen from among the members of this Council, on the strong recommendation of General Pau, who was offered and refused the post, to fill the newly created post of Chief of the General Staff—military head of the army in peace and Commander-in-Chief in war. He had had just three years' experience in that post when the war broke out—the time to learn through and through the characters of the men under him; the time to impress his own strong, deep character on them and on the armies of France. As Chief of the General Staff Joffre had under his authority three hundred and sixty generals on the active list, with a reserve of more than five hundred more generals, many of whom were at once restored to the active list when war broke out.

We saw that Joffre was married immediately after his return from Madagascar. He is an ideal husband, and the very tender father of two little girls, who are the delight of his eyes. He is devoted to the joys of family life, and, after a hard day at the War Ministry, refreshes his soul with an evening of music at the piano in the bosom of his family. The sweetness of his look is not deceptive. His gentleness and modesty just stop short of shyness. As a chief he has never nagged or been jealous of those who have worked under him—first, because it is a part of his power to know men and to gather the right men about him; secondly, because he is incapable of taking umbrage at the excellences of another. He effaces self entirely, and sees only the goal.

In Paris, just before the war, he and his wife and two daughters had a charming house in the Passy district, across the river from the Eiffel Tower, and in a bend between the Seine and the Bois de Boulogne—in the Rue Michel-Ange, between the Rue d'Auteuil and the Avenue de Versailles. The General had the good habit of early rising, and he might be seen riding along the bridle-paths of the Bois any time after six in the morning. His home life was simplicity itself; he ate sparingly, slept on a hard bed, and made a point of cleaning his own sword and saddling his own horse. Besides music, reading is one of his delights. Thus, in an address to the alumni of the École Polytechnique a few months before the war, speaking on the recent struggle in the Balkans, he aptly illustrated his points with quotations from Ovid, from Bossuet, from Montesquieu. His voice, by the way, is singularly penetrating and sweet.

It remains only to say something of Joffre as war leader of the greatest army the world has ever seen. By his quality of heart he has brought about a complete cohesion throughout that army, winning the confidence, the approval, the cordial co-operation of all; employing the gifts of all, without regard to factions; commanding joyful obedience without hurting pride. "He commands us," said a distinguished soldier "as we love to be commanded." In war, as in peace, he is

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simplicity itself. His quarters, his meals, are the simplest obtainable; and when he seeks relaxation from the tremendous intellectual burden of thought for an army of millions, he finds it by going among the common soldiers, not talking much, yet communicating much through the strong gentleness of his presence, the magnetism of the heart. His brief despatches show the same simple force; to the soldiers before the Battle of the Marne, to the victorious armies of France after that decisive conflict, to the men and women of Alsace, to the commanders of the armies of the Allies, always the same—always serene, potent, unshakable.

It is of good omen, I think, to close this sketch of the great benign commander with a word of his addressed to ourselves. On March 12 was printed a letter of his to an American woman who had gathered gifts among us for his troops.

"I hasten to thank you sincerely and from my heart for the splendid present which you have sent from generous friends to my brave soldiers. I am deeply touched to see your great country interested in them. They deserve all the presents which are made to them by their courage, their energy, the good humor which they bring to the defense of a noble cause. You have helped to give them something of pleasure. Once again their Chief thanks you with his whole heart."

PAYING THE PENALTY IN DANBURY

BY LYMAN BEECHER STOWE

SOME tenscore workmen in Danbury, Connecticut, are to lose their homes because the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that they conspired to restrain the inter-State trade of a certain manufacturer of hats. It occurred to me that it might be interesting to learn the point of view of some of these men as well as to see the kind of homes they were to lose. Accordingly I went to Danbury, procured from the local officers of the hatters' union the names and addresses of a dozen or more of them, and went to see them.

The local officers had told me that the men were not much worried, and that not more than ten or a dozen had even called at the office to inquire about the situation; that they had been mostly old men who were no longer working at the trade. Even they had explained in an apologetic manner that "the old woman was worried about losin' her home an' wanted I should come round an' inquire. You know how women are!" A man I met in the office of the union told me of one old man among the defendants whose daughter had developed tubercular trouble and for whom rest and mountain air were prescribed. The old man could not raise a dollar on his attached property, and hence the daughter stayed at home and died.

The first of the defendants whom I saw was a defiant little man upwards of sixty, whose white hair was very much slicked down, as though he had just come from the hands of a rural barber. He planted himself aggressively athwart the threshold of the best parlor of his commodious and prosperous-looking little home and declined to discuss the situation with me, on the ground that the officers of the union alone had the right to speak. Like most persons, however, who decline to discuss situations, he did discuss it, and assured me with unnecessary vehemence that he was "losing no sleep over it," and that, "should the sheriff put him and his furniture out on the street, he would hold the sheriff liable for any damage, no matter how slight, which befell any piece of furniture from the baby grand piano down." The sheriff must take his pound of flesh without a drop of blood.

Upon my inquiring whether he anticipated that his losses would be made good by the union, he fairly shouted at me: "Of course we'll be taken care of by the union. Guess you never belonged to a union, or you wouldn't ask such a question? Don't you know that that's the whole idea—the whole philosophy of a unionism?" He had a gleam of scorn in his eye as he spoke, and evidently regarded my mere question as a reflection upon unionism.

Before proceeding further, let me briefly explain what the trouble was all about which

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has resulted so tragically for these individuals. D. E. Loewe, the boycotted manufacturer, sued between two and three hundred members of the United Hatters of North America under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law for conspiring to restrain his inter-State trade in hats. The Anti-Boycott Association made Mr. Loewe's case its own, while the United Hatters acted for their members, the defendants in the suit. After twelve years of mighty legal battles, the Supreme Court last January handed down the final decision in favor of the manufacturer, Loewe, and requiring the defendants to pay him the amount of the damages he sustained as determined by the jury, trebled in accordance with the terms of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, together with costs, which, with interest, make the total nearly $300,000. This was the outcome of the famous "Danbury Hatters' Case," which, because of the issues involved and the new legal and economic theories debated and decided, has long held the interest and attention, not only of lawyers, employers of labor, and labor leaders, but of sociologists and publicists, and even to some extent the general public. Since the United Hatters of North America was not deemed sufficiently responsible financially, the suit was brought against individual members of the organization. Of course the men selected as defendants were those having property, who, naturally, were the older, more industrious and frugal members. Of the two hundred and forty-three such men who were made defendants there were only one hundred and eighty-six survivors when the final decision was rendered. The bank accounts and real property of these men have been under attachment since the beginning of the suit, and are now about to be seized in satisfaction of the judgment. For their bank accounts, however, the defendants were some time ago indemnified by the union. The homes of the one hundred and twenty who owned homes are attached and now subject to sale. It had been generally assumed that the union as an organization would pay the judgment, in accordance with the terms of a written promise circulated among the defendants by the secretary of the local union; but the National organization, at its convention held in May, 1915, repudiated this promise, refused to pay the judgment, pronounced the defendants "guilty of no moral wrong," and voted to levy an assessment of one per cent per annum on the earnings of all members to relieve the distress of these defendant members. The one per cent assessment should realize between $30,000 and $40,000 a year, which is hardly more than twice the interest charge on the amount of the judgment. But the point is that, whatever may be done to protect them against actual privation, nothing is to be done to save these men from the loss of their homes and other real property.

In the year 1901 the officers of the United Hatters of North America demanded that Mr. Loewe unionize his shop. Unionizing meant the discharge of his non-union men or compelling them to join the union. Mr. Loewe refused to comply. The union officers thereupon instituted a boycott of the Loewe factory throughout the United States by blacklisting, and through the efforts of traveling agents and by correspondence sought to prevent labor-unionists from buying Loewe hats or dealing with any one who handled them. Mr. Loewe, finding his business seriously damaged by these operations, finally brought suit for damages under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law against members of the union whose officers had instituted this boycott, upon the legal ground that the members had, through their authorized officers and agents, formed a conspiracy to injure him in his inter-State trade in hats.

After leaving the alert and defiant little man I called on a big, lethargic-looking German who had just sat down in the immaculate dining-room of his immaculate cottage after returning from his half-day's work. The factory was on half-time, as the hat business is at a very low ebb. This ignorant old man was perfectly willing to talk freely after he had assured himself that I was not trying to sell him anything. When I asked him what part he had played in the great struggle which had resulted so disastrously for himself and his fellow-defendants, he gave me, in imperfect English which I will not try to reproduce closely, the following account of his relationship to the union:

"'Way back in '93, when I was workin' for old man Merritt ["old man Merritt" being the father of Walter Gordon Merritt, of counsel for Mr. Loewe], the foreman he come into the office just before closin' and says for each of us to bring five dollars in the mornin' to buy a union card and join the union—so I joined to keep my job same as the others. When I went to the meetin's of the union, I couldn't understand what they was talkin' about, so finally I says, 'I leave it to them as can talk and I won't go no more.'

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So when this trouble started I hadn't been near no meetin' for years, and I didn't know nothin' about the union. I couldn't read but very little, and I wouldn't understan' it if I did read it. When I got served with the papers on my home, I didn't pay no attention to them because, I says, 'There ain't no law as can hold me responsible for things what I ain't never heard about.' Why shouldn't them as done them things get punished and not me as knew nothin'?"

When I explained to the old man the legal theory by which he was held responsible—namely, that, since the members of the union paid their officers to act in their behalf, they were presumed to control their actions, with unwonted animation he interrupted and said, "Well, then, if they presume that, they presume just the opposite from what is the truth. Yes, we pay them, but we don't control them—they controls us!" As I walked away from this cottage surrounded by its trim little lawn, its flower-beds and cherry trees, I thought how poor a compensation for its loss would be even the most liberal dole from the coffers of the union.

I next visited one of the factories and talked with some of the defendant employees. One of these men was far the best educated and most intelligent of any of the defendants whom I met. He had held several responsible public positions in the town, and compared very favorably with the average employer in point of general information and intelligence. He had two houses under attachment and in danger of sale. He said: "I was out of town when this trouble started and never knew anything of it. I don't know that I should have known had I been here, however, because I had long since ceased to attend the meetings of the union or to have anything to do with it except to pay my dues. I used to go to the meetings and express my views, but I found that I could talk myself black in the face without anybody's paying any attention. I found I had no real voice in their matters and that it was just a waste of time and breath. I guess there must be something in what they say about the thing being run by a ring. Look at the way Sculley's [the President of the United Hatters at the present time] acting now—backing an' fillin' an' quibblin'. He's acting very unmanly, I call it. Then look at that letter he wrote Mr. Merritt—well, now, that'll make 'em mad, an' how can we get good terms from 'em when he goes an' makes 'em mad first? Why don't he take his medicine an' acknowledge we're beaten and try to come to terms so we can get out of it the best we can? Of course he and the other officers assumed entire responsibility, and now it looks as though they had abused our confidence.

"When Sculley became President, he should have called us defendants together and told us the exact situation and said, 'Now, you are the ones most concerned, an' I want to know what you want me to do for you.' He could have advised us all he wanted to. But, as it was, he paid no more attention to us than if we was children. As I've told 'em, we who are really concerned—we who have to lose our homes to pay the penalty—we were never consulted about the boycott or about the trial, or about anything else.

"You see, I realized how serious it was when those attachment papers were served on us more than most because I've held public positions that have brought me into contact with people who understand legal matters. But Connelly [the local secretary] sent us a letter not to be alarmed an' that the union would pay all expenses and judgments, an' now Sculley's quibbling about that same as about everything else.

"Then Sculley, he comes up here with a fool petition to Congress all about how as the Clayton Law shows that the Sherman Law wasn't meant to apply to labor unions, and therefore Congress ought to pay the judgment. And then he asked us to come forward and sign the petition, an' we went up like a lot o' sheep and signed it. Why, you might just as well go down to Coney Island with a broom and try to sweep the waves out of the ocean!"

I next saw Mr. Loewe, who, in concluding our conversation, said, with great emphasis, "I'm not fighting labor-unionism—I'm fighting the Tammany Hall of labor-unionism!"

I talked also with one of Loewe's men who had remained loyal to him during all the trouble. This man said that in 1902, shortly after the boycott against Loewe was started, Maher, who is now in Congress, but was then the President of the local hatters' union and the treasurer of the National organization, sent for him to meet him at a cigar store after his work one evening. He went, and Maher opened the conversation by asking him how much in arrears he was in the payment of his dues. He had some years

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previously been suspended from the union for the non-payment of dues. When he mentioned the amount, which was a large one, Maher commented, "Well, I guess we can fix that up all right. Now, how about coming out?"

To which the man replied: "No, I couldn't come out. I wouldn't feel right about it. I'm gettin' on good, gettin' good wages, doin' well by my family, an' just beginnin' to get ahead, and I couldn't afford to come out just for unionism."

"At that," he said, "he give me a shove toward the door and shouted, 'Get out of here, you scab, you're not fit to live in a free country!' And I shouted back at him, 'It wouldn't be a free country if you had your way!'"

He continued: "For a time after that I was shunned by my friends in the union—even by my own brothers and my brother-in-law, but now they all treat me just as good as ever, and some of them have even told me they thought I did right not to give in to Maher. Anyhow, I don't regret it, an' I'm better off to-day than I could have been if I had gone out."

The troubles between capital and labor during recent years have been largely attributed to the great "soulless corporations," which have made impossible the personal relation that used to exist between the old-time employer and his men. Danbury is a typical old-school Yankee town so far as the relations between capital and labor are concerned. Business is still done in comparatively small units, so that the average employer knows his men personally, knows their families and their affairs, and calls them by their first names. They know him and his family and affairs and sometimes call him by his first name. The town seems prosperous even now, and shows signs of having been more prosperous. The fact that the homes of the workmen are unusually attractive and comfortable, together with the fact that none of the manufacturers appear to have amassed great wealth, would seem to indicate that there is a more equitable division of the proceeds between those who furnish the capital and the directing brains and those who furnish their labor and manual skill than is frequently the case.

In spite of twelve years of open war between the labor and the capital of this anomalous town, there is to-day much friendliness and very little bitterness between the employers and their men. Even Mr. Loewe appears to be on friendly terms with most of the union men, including the very men he has sued and is about to deprive of their homes. Although every condition would appear to be favorable to industrial harmony, this town has during the past twelve years been the center of one of the mightiest industrial wars that this country has ever known, which is drawing to its tragic conclusion in depriving innocent, industrious, frugal, and elderly workmen of their homes. Who is to blame? What is to blame?

It is only fair to the officers of the union to say that they gave as much publicity as possible to their boycotting operations, and that hence it may be assumed that the great majority of the defendants either knew of the boycotting acts or should have known of them; but since they were assured that the acts were legal, and since they fully realized their impotence to stop them even if illegal, is it not obvious that the injustice of subjecting them to the supreme penalty of losing their homes is hardly less in the case of those who knew than in the case of those who did not know?

Labor leaders claim the newly enacted Clayton Law as a victory for labor, and assert that the Danbury Hatter decision could never have been obtained had that law been upon the statute-books. On the other hand, Daniel Davenport, of counsel for Mr. Loewe, also hails the new law as a victory, and asserts that it reaffirms and strengthens the rights of the employer. If he is right, innocent members of any labor union may still be held financially responsible for any acts which their officers may commit which are held to be illegal. In order to prevent the possibility of the recurrence of such an injustice, should not labor unions be incorporated so as to prevent suits against individual members, just as employers incorporate to protect their stockholders? Since, contrary to popular belief, unincorporated unions are not exempt from suit as organizations,[1] there would seem to be no convincing argument against this course even from the point of view of union labor, and it is surprising that opposition to such a course should come from labor-unionists rather than employers.

[1] Almost all the industrial States have enacted laws authorizing suits against voluntary unincorporated organizations.

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THE INTRUDER

BY MADISON CAWEIN

There is a smell of roses in the room,
Tea-roses, dead of bloom.
An invalid, she sits there in the gloom,
And contemplates her doom.

The pattern of the paper, and the grain
Of carpet, with its stain,
Have stamped themselves, like fever, on her brain,
And grown a part of pain.

It has been long, so long, since *that* one died,
Or sat there by her side;
She felt so lonely, lost, she would have cried,
But all her tears were dried. . . .

A knock came on the door; she hardly heard;
And then—a whispered word,
And some one entered, at which, like a bird,
Her caged heart, fluttering, stirred.

And then she heard a voice; she was not wrong—
His voice, alive and strong;
She listened, while the silence filled with song;—
Oh, she had waited long!

She dared not turn to see; she dared not look;
But slowly closed her book—
And waited for his kiss. Could scarcely brook
The weary time he took.

There was no one remembered her—no one!
None, under moon or sun;
Who, then, had entered? entered, but to shun
Her whose long work was done.

She raised her eyes and—no one! Yet she felt
A presence near, that smelt
Like faded roses; and that seemed to melt
Into her soul that knelt.

She could not see, but knew that he was there,
Smoothing her hands and hair;
Filling with scents of roses old the air,
Standing beside her chair.

. . . . . .

And so they found her, sitting quietly,
Her book upon her knee,
Staring before her as if she could see—
What was it? Death? or he?

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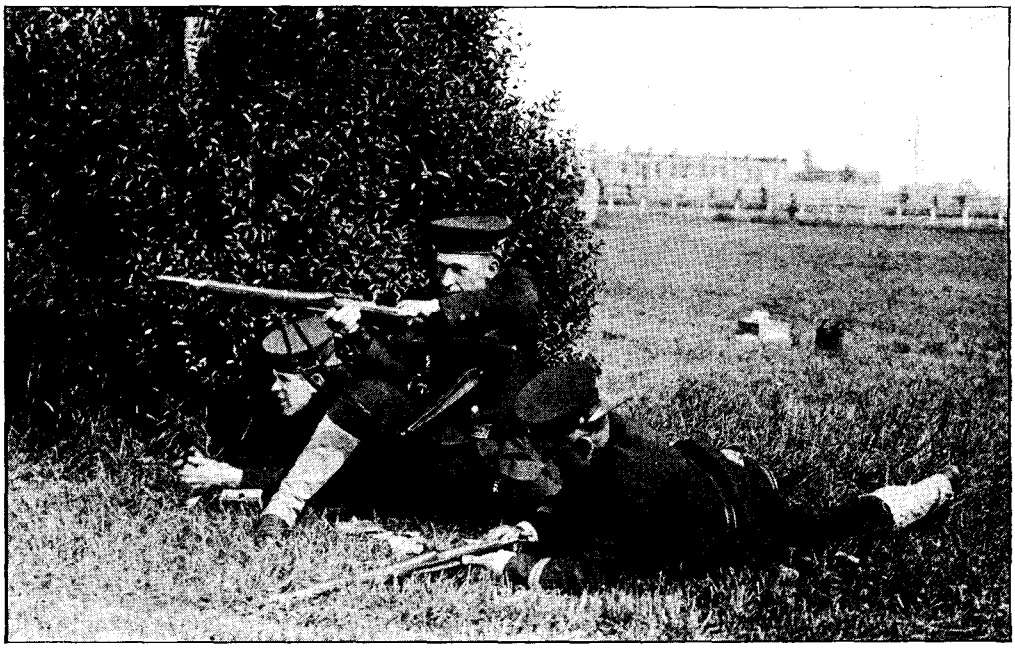
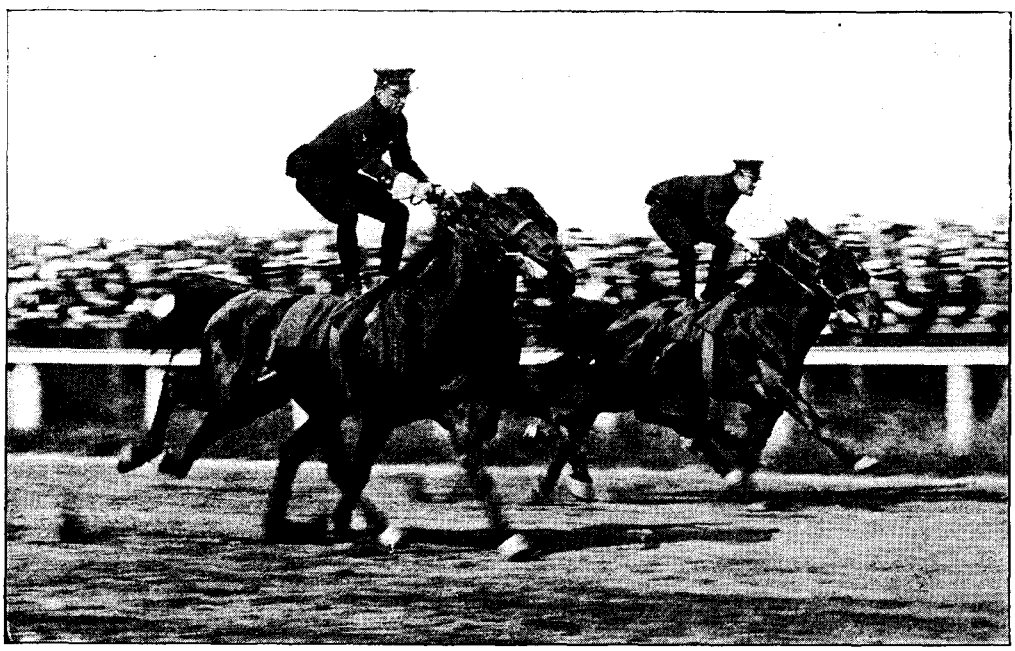
Current Events Pictorially Treated



THE POLICE IN A BARRICADE AS DEFENDERS OF THE CITY



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL THOMPSON

SOME EXPERT POLICE RIDERS SHOWING THEIR SKILL IN A "ROMAN STANDING RACE"

A MUNICIPAL "SECURITY LEAGUE" THAT PROMOTES SAFETY AND ORDER IN NEW YORK CITY

The Police Carnival at Coney Island, at which the various activities of New York's guardians of the peace and promoters of the city's order were exhibited before thousands of interested spectators, is described in this issue of The Outlook

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THE SETTLEMENT OF THE CHINO-JAPANESE DISPUTE: SIGNING THE NEW TREATY AT PEKING

The picture represents the historic scene at Peking which terminated the dispute that threatened to involve China and Japan in war. The treaty was signed on May 25. In the middle of the group shown above, on the left of the table, is the Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs, Lou Tsen-tsiang; at his right is the Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, Tsao Jou-ling; and at his left, Sze Lu-piau, Secretary. At the right of the table are: in the middle, Eki Hioki, the Japanese Minister to China; on his right is Yukicki Obata, First Secretary of the Japanese Legation; and on his left Toru Takao, Third Secretary of that Legation

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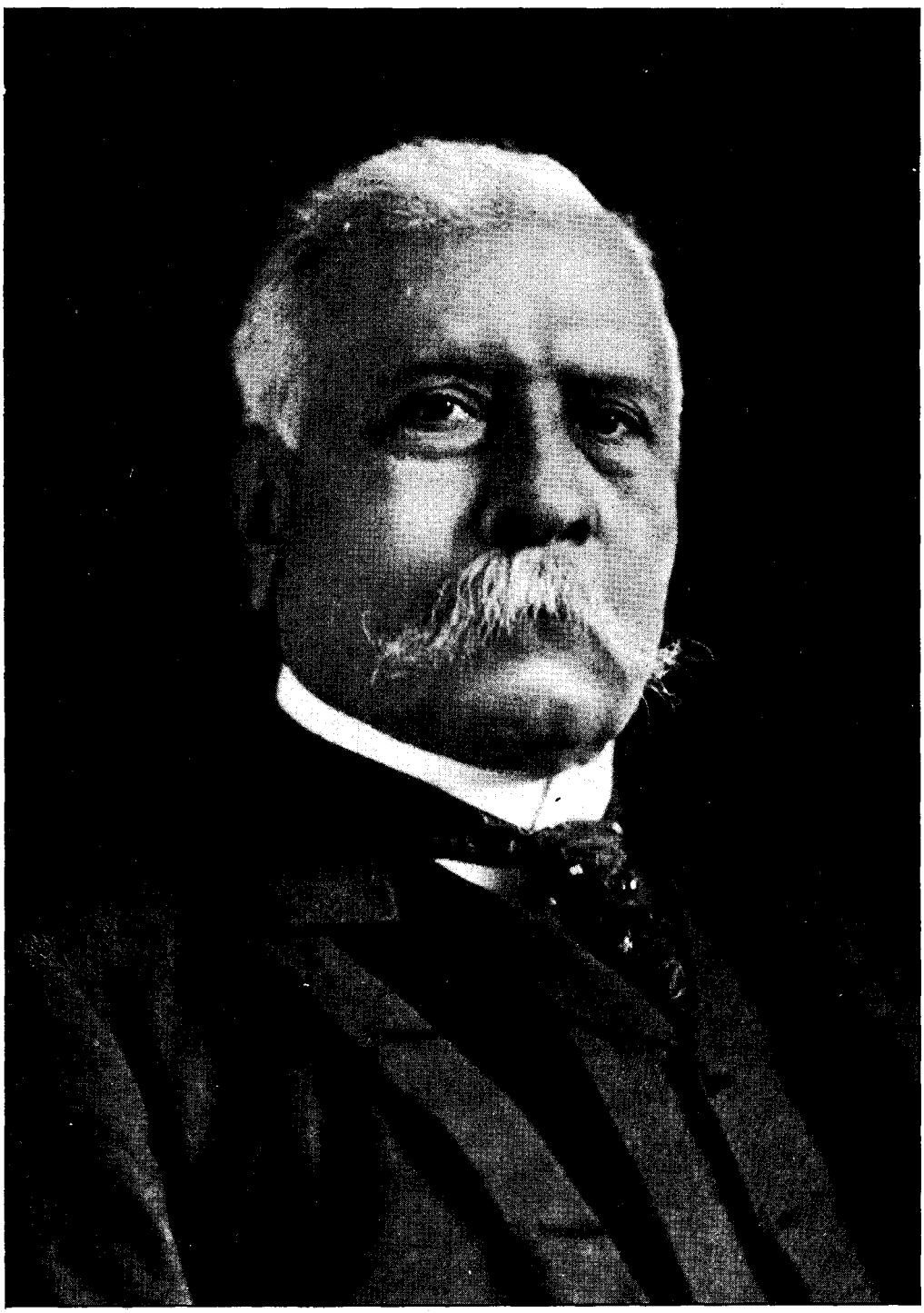

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PORFIRIO DIAZ

Born September 14, 1830, at Oaxaca, Mexico; died July 2, 1915, at Paris, France. President of Mexico from 1878 to 1911 (except between 1880 and 1884). See editorial estimate of his personality and career in its bearings on the Mexican problem

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"MOTHER OF THE DEAD"

This work is at present on exhibition at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, where it has attracted wide attention. It was executed in the latter part of 1914; it powerfully and pathethically represents, in the figures of the aged, grief-stricken mother of the dead soldier and of his shrinking child, her grandson, the desolation wrought by war

THE TIMELY WORK OF A

Mr. C. S. Pietro, two examples of whose recent work are shown above, is of Italian birth, but now lives permanently in busts of John Muir

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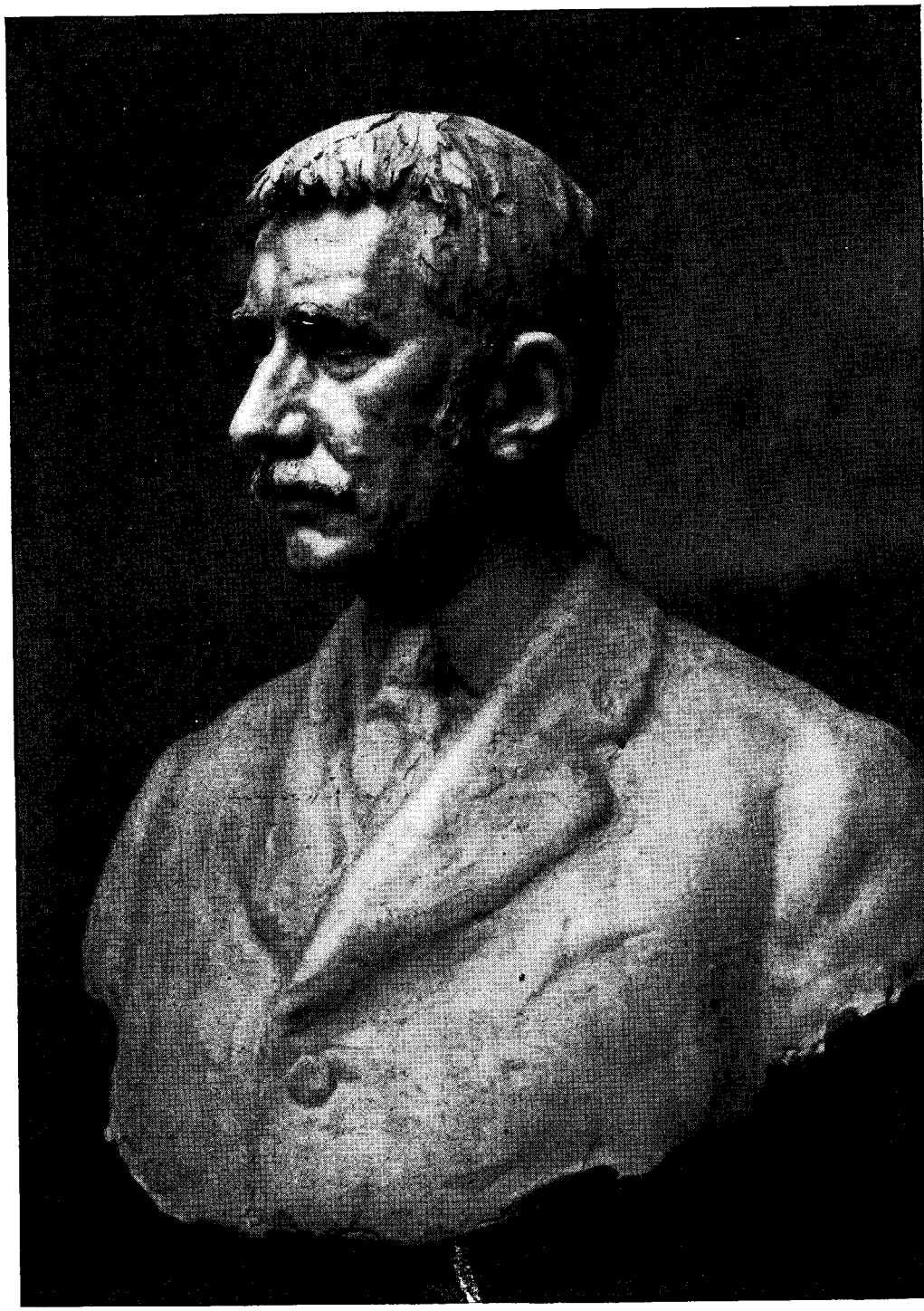

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. BURDEN STAGE

ELIHU ROOT

Among Senator Root's many official distinctions is that of being President of the Constitutional Convention of the State of New York now in session at Albany. This photograph is from a bronze bust, modeled from life, recently presented to Hamilton College, of which Mr. Root is perhaps the most distinguished living alumnus, by a group of alumni

YOUNG SCULPTOR OF GENIUS

New York. He has recently been commissioned by the Museum of Natural History of New York to make portrait and John Burroughs

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WHY GERMANY DOES NOT COMPLAIN OF A "LACK OF MUNITIONS"

The photograph represents a scene in one of the great centers of German mechanical efficiency, Lübeck. In this important city of North Germany the great metal industries are kept working day and night to help supply the German armies with war material. In the factory pictured above, in the coke ovens and smelters alone over a thousand men, it is stated, are employed in smelting Swedish iron ore, to be used in making swords, bayonets, and other accouterments for the German forces

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PHOTOGRAPH FROM JANET M. CUMMINGS

LONDON CELEBRATES "EMPIRE DAY" AT ST. PAUL'S

The British people are undoubtedly girding up their loins for the greatest struggle that the Empire has ever known, and every chord of national feeling is being struck in the endeavor to rouse the people to the height of Nelson's appeal, "England expects every man to do his duty." A religious service at St. Paul's followed a great procession organized by the League of Empire on "Empire Day." Though the despatches do not announce the singing of Kipling's "Recessional" at this service, who can doubt that its solemn adjuration was felt in English hearts as never before:

"God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

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FROM "L'ILLUSTRATION"

GENERAL JOFFRE

While professional reputations may yet be made and unmade in the great conflict now going on in Europe, with General Joffre at least "the past is secure," and his work in stopping the great German drive at Paris last September, in the Battle of the Marne, will never be forgotten. See the article on General Joffre by Charles Johnston in this issue

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JAPANESE STORY-TELLERS' TALES

AS RETOLD BY KEISEKI MATSUMURA AND DONE INTO ENGLISH BY C. M. CADY[1]

FOREWORD BY THE TRANSLATOR

Matsumura Keiseki (or, as we should write the name, Keiseki Matsumura) is a preacher in Tokyo who preaches almost exclusively by and through stories gathered from any source that suits his purpose for the time and the occasion.

The Japanese are natural public speakers. Apparently they are always "on deck"—if I may be allowed a baseball term—ready at a moment's notice to speak before any audience on any subject; and it must be admitted by us, who require usually at least an hour or more of preparation, that they generally have something to say that interests and instructs those who listen.

From very ancient times on to the present, public story-tellers have won distinction (and their living likewise) by telling stories.

For a number of years Mr. Matsumura preached sermons made up according to the instruction in sermonizing taught in the theological school; but the original bent of his mind soon found new models in the public story-tellers to whom he listened.

Recalling that his Master taught by parables—one form of story-telling—he was led to make a close study of a few of the most successful public story-tellers in Tokyo. Convinced that he might well follow this the oldest form of public speaking in his work of preaching, he revolutionized his methods of sermonizing; and, as a consequence, he has gained wide recognition and success in story-telling as a method of influencing his audiences in what he deems the truth.

Early in the struggle for respect and recognition as one of the nations of to-day, which culminated in the terribly sanguinary conflict with Russia, Mr. Matsumura and Professor T. Murai conceived the idea of using Japanese stories as one means of informing English speaking and reading people of the inner motives, hopes and fears, likes and dislikes—in a word, the more or less private spiritual character—of their countrymen, to the end of bringing about a greater amount of respect, a closer sympathy, and a more complete mutual confidence based upon more intimate knowledge. Working together, they selected fifteen or sixteen "Kodan" stories which they deemed were fairly representative of all phases of Japanese life. Mr. Matsumura put them into wide-awake Japanese and Professor Murai made a rough translation into English, and the manuscript was sent to England with the hope of being published in book form in England and America.

Unfortunately, the manuscript was submitted to the wrong person and was never heard from again.

Knowing my interest in the plan and my own desire and efforts in the same great end, they afterward placed with me a copy of the very rough translation, with the request that I retell the stories and try to make them acceptable to English ears and imagination.

I have done so—tried to do so, I mean—after a careful study of Mr. Matsumura himself, so that I might let his unique and forceful spirit and manner shine through the new communicating body, which happened to be my mother tongue.

Fortunately, I could the more easily hide my own personality behind and beneath his own because we were much alike in mental attitude and activity. To make it more natural, I use the pronouns he would use if he were able to write in English, of which he has a reading knowledge only.

The following stories are such as Japanese story-tellers read or tell to their audiences at the *yose*, or halls for public story-telling. They are called *gundan* or *kodan*, which means, literally, "war stories." These stories are confined to historical and biographical facts, mostly about real personages, or at least based upon them, though the facts are colored here and there with imaginary elements to make the tales more interesting. Purely literary subjects, love stories, or fairy tales are excluded.

The educational influence of the story-telling upon the masses can hardly be overestimated. Go wherever you please, you will find no place without its story-telling hall filled with interested and enthusiastic hearers. Those who frequent these halls are mostly of the working classes, such as clerks, shop boys, laboring men, jinrikisha men, and the like. Men of higher education and of better station also attend, but the majority are those who cannot afford an education elsewhere.

These halls are open day and night, but naturally the bulk of the audiences come in the evening, when the work of the day is over. There is a small admission fee of two or three sen for each person, and the entertainment lasts from three to four hours, with one intermission of twenty minutes, when the listeners can have, if they wish, some tea and light refreshment for

[1] Thanks are due and are hereby given to Mr. T. Murai for help in the translation from the Japanese.

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three sen. Generally there are several story-tellers, who relieve one another and thus add variety to the entertainment.

In these hours the people are moved by a variety of emotions; sometimes they are inspired to reproduce in themselves the courageous spirit of ancient heroes; sometimes they are moved by a sense of chivalry and make up their minds to stand by the poor and weak; again they are touched by the beauty of a tender heart and feel ashamed of their own lack. They hear, in fact, several sermons in an evening, and go home filled with inspiration and quickened to fresh resolutions to be better men. I can justly say that the real educators of the Japanese people at large are the public story-tellers. The skill gained and exercised by them is wonderful. They know how to touch and fire the hearts of their hearers and make them laugh or cry at their wish; and, as would naturally be expected, the more popular and successful ones among them show no mean dramatic power. C. M. CADY.

ARAKI MATAEMON

(THE FENCING-MASTER)

ONE afternoon, about the year 1630, which was in the shogunate of the third Tokugawa, a tall, well-dressed Samurai was leisurely walking along the great Tokaido road, a little west of one of the broadest rivers in Japan where it cuts the road.

When he started from Osaka, about ten days before we find him on the west bank of the river, he had his purse full of gold and silver, which he had partly earned and partly received as presents from his pupils on the eve of his departure for Yedo. Before he could get away from Osaka his purse was decidedly lighter, and all along the way he seemed to feel ashamed to carry such a load of what was literally, to him, filthy lucre. Beggars, mendicant priests and pilgrims, tea-house maidens and hotel servants, received from his hands continual and generous droppings of the "metal stuff," so that by the time we meet him he is without a single cash, though he himself really did not know that fact, so completely unconcerned was he whether he had money or not. He knew that he had paid for his last cup of tea; that was all. To him, and to his class, it was really a matter not worth thinking about whether he had enough money to get him across the river or not, except as a mere matter of convenience to satisfy what was to him the mere foolish clamor of the coolies who must carry him over. For a moment his usually smiling face was beclouded with a frown, and his mouth drawn up in a half-serious, half-comical pucker, but this soon gave way to a look of careless contentment as he came in sight of the river and the crowd of porters and *bandai* men (chair carriers), who, in their turn, were attracted by the sight of a well-dressed man with two swords. Supposing, of course, that a fine gentleman like him had plenty to pay for a first-class fare across, the men gathered about him like bees about a bowl of sugar.

Selecting one of the more stylish chairs,[1] the man calmly doubled himself up in Turkish fashion, drew out a pipe from a gold-lacquered case, and proceeded to smoke while the chairmen noisily settled who and how many men should carry this particular equipment to the other side. Finally they appealed to the man himself, but he coolly swept his pipe around the circle of lusty porters about him and motioned to them to take him across without more delay. Upon that six men in front and six men behind raised the heavy chair to their shoulders, and, with from three to six men as relays, started across.

Arriving at the eastern bank without mishap, the men put their heavy weight down and made profound bows as they waited for the generous fee they fully expected to receive.

You can imagine their anger and change of manner when their passenger, on opening his purse, found it quite empty. Turning the silk-lined bag inside out before their eyes, he smilingly told them he was sorry he had nothing, and therefore he wished to be told what the penalty was.

"I have nothing," added he, "that I care to offer you in place of money, but am quite ready to submit to the rule in such cases. What is it?"

"The penalty, sir," replied the head carrier, "is a beating with the fist by the men who are defrauded. Each one of us is to have one blow. He can strike as hard as he pleases anywhere he can except in the face.

[1] It must be remembered that at this time there were no bridges, and boats were prohibited, since both afforded too easy means of crossing to an enemy in time of war or revolt.

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Do you agree to this? It doesn't matter much whether you do or not, as we are a dozen or more to one and can do as we like, anyway."

"All right, come on, one at a time," instantly replied the man, seating himself on a drift-log of wood and folding his arms while he continued to smoke. He was bareheaded, of course.

The head chairman formed his men into line, with himself in the lead. At first they approached warily, for their employer was armed with two swords and an iron fan;[1] and, besides, he was unusually tall, and evidently strongly built. But still the man was a gentleman in dress and appearance and presumably a Samurai in spirit, and therefore he could be trusted to abide by the rules of the game. The head man stepped up behind and struck as hard as he could with his clenched fist right on top of the Samurai's head. The latter never moved a muscle; in fact, he scarcely felt the blow, whereas the man who struck doubled himself up with pain, for his knuckles were about as badly bruised as though he had pounded a rock or an iron post. The second man, thinking that the first had soft fists, struck even harder, but only howled with pain as he nursed his aching knuckles between his other hand and his knees. Still the Samurai continued to smoke, as if these blows were mere gentle taps. Of course there was much laughter and joking on the part of the men still in line and from the crowd of interested rivermen who had gathered to witness the infliction of the penalty for non-payment of dues. This, together with the naturally provoking effect of not seeming to hurt the offender, no matter how hard they struck, kept the defrauded men from striking anywhere but on the head.

At first they observed the rule of striking only one blow; but toward the last some struck two, three, and even four times; and, as the confusion and chagrin increased, even bystanders were challenged by the knuckle-aching crowd to come and try the fellow's head, that was like a stone.[2]

The man in question seemed to be so meek, and to take so little notice of the blows now being showered upon him, that several outsiders came up and prepared to try their fists on the bull-headed man, as they called him.

This was too much; suddenly rising, he seized the last of his own bearers by the wrists; then, holding both in one hand as easily as he would those of a mere child, he thus addressed the entire crowd:

"So long as you observed the rule of striking once, I submitted to the punishment you claimed was due me. But you have broken your agreement; some of you have struck me as many as four blows, so I shall proceed to return the extra blows."

With that he hit the man he was holding a swinging blow on the side of the head and bowled him over as though he had been a mere ninepin.

"Oh, say!" exclaimed the head man; "the man is a quarrelsome fellow and wants to fight. Come on, men, let's give him a good beating this time and no fooling. His head is too hard for our fists; we'll take our sticks.[1] Come on!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the speaker lay on the ground, apparently killed by a blow from the fist of the man he had planned to attack.

This so exasperated the others that they called loudly on their fellows to come to their help, thinking to overcome the man by might of numbers. The angry, shouting crowd began arming themselves with clubs and poles, but they were not quick enough. With a rapidity of movement of which his former calm deliberations gave no hint, the man was in their midst before they were aware, striking right and left, hitting each man once only, but with a blow that knocked him senseless. These blows were not on the head, but on certain parts of the body known only to the skilled wrestler. So lightning-like were his movements that half a dozen or more of his assailants were stretched on the ground apparently dead before any one had time to strike him a single blow.

This turn in the events produced a sudden revolution of estimate, and now the ignorant carriers threw down their clubs and fled, crying out, "The man is a devil! the man is a devil!"

Left thus master of the field, the man

[1] This was a fine silk fan with ribs made of thin steel plates. The origin of the carrying this kind of a fan that might be used as a weapon on occasion is most interesting, but cannot be given here.

[2] It must be remembered that in those days men while fencing never wore anything on the head, as is done at present, and split bamboo swords were unknown. Instead, solid wooden sticks were used, and the training was such that the scalp and skull became exceedingly hard and tough, so that a man's fist made no impression except on itself.

[1] The sticks universally taken as staffs by the coolie class when they carry loads on the shoulder by means of a pole. These sticks are light but strong, as they are used to rest the pole on when the carrier wishes to take the load off his shoulder while resting or shifting to the other side.

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began readjusting his garments and swords, which had become a trifle disarranged. While thus engaged he was accosted by a well-dressed man of the Samurai class, who said:

"Pardon me, but I wish to express to you, sir, my admiration for your remarkable achievement in the noble art of ju-jitsu which I have just witnessed from yonder tea-house, where I was resting. You certainly are no novice; and, judging from your beautiful swords, you are no mean expert in fencing. May I ask your name and whither you are going? I hope you are bound for Yedo, for then, I trust, I may have the honor to accompany you. At any rate, I beg you to permit me to furnish you with any ready cash you may need. Excuse me for suggesting this, but I could not help hearing that the little trouble with the rivermen was due originally to your being, for some reason, short of funds. It will give me the greatest pleasure and satisfaction to assist you in any way I can. Will you tell me where you are going? My name is Watanabe."

"It is very kind of you," replied the other, as he finished rewinding his girdle and adjusting his two bejeweled swords to the correct slant, "it is very kind of you to inquire after my humble name. I am Araki Mataemon, and I am on my way to Yedo to see what I can do in teaching my profession, which is fencing, really, and not wrestling. I could not, of course, use my swords against such clods, and so had to defend myself the next easiest way. I shall be honored by your permission to accompany you to the city, and I accept with thanks your kind offer to bear the expenses of the rest of the trip, for I find that I spent my last cash last night on the other side of the river. I suppose I could raise something on my swords or my extra robes, but one doesn't like to do that, you know, if he can help it. If it will not trouble you too much, I shall be glad of your assistance till I can reach Yedo, where I hope I shall soon be in a position to repay you, if you will permit me."

"Please do not think of it, my dear sir," replied Watanabe; "mutual helpfulness is the teaching of *bushido*, you know; and in this case it is reward enough to be of some slight assistance to a man destined to be as famous as your remarkable skill assures me you will become."

The two men looked long and deep into each other's eyes, and both were satisfied. Going into the tea-house, they had some refreshment, of which Araki had special need, not having eaten since early morning.

Thus began a friendship that became very intimate and subsequently opened the way for Araki's greatest achievement.

On reaching Yedo, Araki at once started a school of fencing. He did not wait even to give the formal notice of his intention or ask permission of the Shogun's fencing-master, Yagyu Hidanokami, who had usurped, or at any rate claimed, the sole right of teaching ken-jitsu in Yedo.

Ken-jitsu was the style of fencing that had been originated by Yagyu-Riu, the father of Yagyu Hidanokami, and had been perfected by Yagyu Jubei, Hidanokami's elder brother. The latter had been the teacher of Araki Mataemon. Jubei desired very much to teach his younger brother the last two and greatest secrets of fencing, which had been communicated to Jubei by their father not long before the latter's death, but which had been perfected by his more renowned son, Jubei, by practice in actual deadly conflict with renowned warriors in various parts of the land. This desire on the part of Jubei had remained unfulfilled at the time of Jubei's death, but on his death-bed he intrusted the task to Araki, who went about carrying it out with his usual promptness and originality. It was for this purpose that he had given up his work in Osaka and had come to Yedo.

To attract public attention, Araki had huge notice boards erected in front of his fencing hall, and of course these acts soon came to the ears of the self-appointed head of fencing in the capital, and, naturally enough, aroused his wrath.

Notice was at once served on the new upstart to appear before the all-powerful Yagyu Hidanokami to give account for his unwarrantable affront.

Araki at once answered the summons in person. On reaching the great fencing hall of the Shogun, Araki assumed such a haughty attitude that he made every one angry. Hidanokami especially was highly incensed at the rudeness of this unknown upstart; for it must be remembered that, though Araki Mataemon was his real name, it had not been used by him while he was a pupil of Jubei. He had resumed it when he set up for himself and set out for Yedo. Ushinosuke was the name he went by as a pupil of Jubei, and was even then a name to conjure by. It would have insured him quite another treat-

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ment had the irate Hidanokami only known that it belonged to this new teacher.

As he did not know who this Araki was, he demanded, in a very angry and peremptory tone :

"By what right have you opened a school ?"

"Why," was the calm, unruffled answer, "why should I ask your permission ? I am a better fencing-master than you are ; so, by the right of superior strength and skill, I have opened my school without the foolish and unnecessary formality of notifying you. By what right, I ask, do *you* question my right of doing as I please ? Are you afraid your reputation, and therefore your position, will suffer loss by comparison with me ? I begin to think you are not really worthy to hold the place you do ; otherwise you would freely welcome renowned fencers like myself instead of acting like a dog who is too old to eat a bone himself and yet is unwilling to let any one else have it."

The cool insolence of the tone as well as the biting sarcasm of his words aroused Hidanokami to the last pitch of anger and hate, and he determined to kill this upstart ; but he was cautious, so he decided to try the fencing powers of his new rival before meeting him himself. Calling ten of his most skillful pupils who had overheard the insult to their master, he proposed that they meet this man in a fencing bout, trusting that their natural indignation would impel them to fight to kill. If there were any doubts on this point, they were quite removed by the next action of this bold man.

When Hidanokami asked Araki to choose his weapon, the latter replied in the most indifferent way that he guessed an ordinary fencing-stick, such as was used in practice, would be good enough for him with those fellows.

Of course Araki had been challenged to a real fight, and his antagonists had all armed themselves with swords or with the long spear or halberd having a long spear-head with a hook-shaped blade on the side. The contempt manifested in Araki's selecting merely a practicing stick nettled the young blades very much ; and at the same time it somewhat disconcerted them, for it manifestly robbed them of all danger beyond a possible broken finger or wrist.

Nevertheless, the fight began in earnest ; and, as one after another was easily disarmed by Araki, the intensity of their chagrin and anger increased until the last one, who was no novice, became so fierce that Araki felt compelled to put him out of action with a lamed wrist and broken head.

Rising from his seat, where he had been watching with an admiration he could not repress nor wholly conceal, Yagyu Hidanokami stripped himself for the final act of this grimly humorous combat. At the same time he demanded that Araki choose a real weapon and fight, not practice like a boy or novice, at the same time putting his weapon on the ground in the proper way when giving a challenge to mortal combat.

So doing, the angry man took his halberd and strode down to where Araki sat twirling his fencing-stick carelessly in his hand between thumb and finger.

Araki, disdaining to return his challenger's salute, calmly tossed his stick into the rack where such weapons were kept, at the same time remarking that, of course, he would need no weapon of defense now that he had to meet the master, since a fencing-stick had sufficed to conquer his pupils.

Stung to madness by this sarcastic taunt, the enraged man made a savage thrust at Araki's throat, which was neatly dodged ; then a swinging blow at the legs, which was lightly avoided by a spring into the air. Thus the strange contest continued for some time ; back and forth, across and around the two men went, with never a misstep or false move on the part of Araki, who, by sheer agility, avoided every thrust and stroke until his fierce attacker grew red with exertion and chagrin and anger. Araki, on the other hand, calm, cool, but alert of eye and muscle, seemed as untiring as a machine of steel springs.

On the wall of the *dojo*, or fencing hall, back of the fencing-master's place while watching his pupils at their ordinary practice and above his head, was the shrine of the patron god of fencing, Kaga dai-myo-jin.

In front of the shrine was a small shelf on which were two small earthen bottles, like *sake* bottles, in the necks of which were stuck sheets of a particularly thick but soft paper.

Gradually working his position around until he was nearly in front of this shrine, Araki suddenly made a spring, snatched the paper from the shelf, and, with incredible swiftness and skill, rolled and twisted the soft sheets into a hard rod, and at the same time sank on his knees in a Japanese sitting position, holding the paper rod with both hands in front of him at such an angle that,

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to the heated sight of Hidanokami, it seemed to cover Araki's entire body.

This sudden movement on Araki's part so arrested Hidanokami's attention that he stood perfectly still with spear held rigidly ready for a new thrust; and as this strange fighter snatched the paper from before the sacred shrine and made it into an iron-like rod with a secret art he himself did not know, his flushed face grew pale and his angry eyes lost their fierceness, opened wide with astonishment which quickly changed into looks of reverential awe as his nimble foe sank to the floor and seemed to pass out of sight behind that magical rod of paper which appeared suddenly to grow to such huge proportions as to leave no inch of his antagonist's body visible at which to thrust. Every particle of anger was gone; in its place came a trembling reverence as he recognized that he had been taught the last two great secrets that his august father had discovered and his reverenced brother had perfected through much practice and often deadly peril. Falling on his face with spear and hands and body in the position expressive of absolute defeat and subjection, the now conquered man said, in tones tremulous with emotion:

"You are Ushinosuke and my master; my father's sacred will has been met, and I am conquered and won.[1]

After this, of course, Araki's name became even more widely known and honored than his former *nom de guerre*, Ushinosuke, and his name spread east of the Barrier as well as west of it. He prospered, and the tie of friendship between Araki and Watanabe was strengthened and made very firm by the former's marriage with the daughter of the latter. Araki continued his teaching in Yedo, with now and then a meeting in combat with some celebrated fencer; though as his fame grew there were very few men who cared to cross swords with the master that was never beaten and—so far as known—never fought to kill until his great fight, the renown of which lasts to this day in every hamlet in our land. It came about in the following way:

About ten years after his acquaintance with Watanabe, word was brought Araki one day that his friend and father-in-law had been foully assassinated by a fellow-Samurai out of mere jealousy. This man's name was Kawai Matagoro. Araki was much cast down by the sad news, and brooded over it until he heard his friend's blood calling upon him to avenge his death. Recalling the first act of generous help extended to him in time of need, the famous fencer's gratitude would give him no rest until he determined to seek out and slay his friend's murderer.

This was no easy task, for, in the first place, such work was not to his taste. Although living in an age when human life was held very cheap, when to pick a quarrel and challenge to mortal combat was as common almost as eating one's breakfast, Araki was noted for his peace-loving disposition and conduct. He gloried in strength, but not in blood. When the sense of duty to his friend's memory had overcome his distaste of real fighting, the next difficulty was to find his man, now also his enemy; for the country was not so well policed as it is now, and it was comparatively easy for a murderer's relatives and friends to conceal him, as they did in this case as soon as Araki's purpose became known. Besides, the latter's reputation as a swordsman was so great that the man who killed Watanabe knew he would have no chance against Araki alone; so he and his friends succeeded in enlisting the help of the household troops of the Shogun. As a consequence, Araki himself was hunted and often in danger of his life.

In obedience to the unwritten but inflexible laws governing the avenger of blood, Araki closed his school, selected two of his pupils, and, with the son of Watanabe, a lad of fifteen or sixteen, started on his self-appointed mission of vengeance. The search lasted for upwards of two years. Very great were the hardships endured by the little band before success crowned their efforts and the foxy enemy was finally run to earth.

So determined were Araki's attempts to locate his man that the murderer's protectors determined to take him to a distant island of Kyushu, where they deemed it would be comparatively safe for the pursued man, who had become tired to death of skulking from place to place like a hunted beast. Arrangements were made, therefore, that thirty-six able-bodied and capable swordsmen and spearmen should escort him. To make their way as secretly as possible, this company of fully armed men went over the Tokaido road as far as Nagoya, and then struck off through the provinces of Ise and Iga byways.

Somehow Araki learned of their plan in

[1] You can see now why Araki acted in so provoking a manner from first to last. The optical illusion produced by the roll of paper could be realized only in case of actual combat when hate was at the boiling-point.

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time to get ahead of them and reach the Daimio town of Ueno a day or two before they had arrived. This town of Ueno was Araki's native place, or near to it, and he had influence enough to secure the friendly ear of the Daimio of that place. All that Araki asked by way of favor was an order from the Daimio to close the gates of the walled portion of the town as soon as the murderer with his thirty-six guardsmen had entered it; and that the gates should not be again opened until either he had despatched his enemy or had been killed himself. This was absolutely all the assistance that he asked or would accept.

Some of the escort were rather high up in the favor of the Shogun and his body-guard, so they felt it was safe to announce their arrival, giving out they were on a mission of special importance for the Shogun himself. That night the gates were locked, with special orders from the Daimio that they were not to be opened under any circumstances until so ordered by himself.

As soon as Araki was assured that the man he was after and all his escort were in the town and the gates had been shut he started the report that he was there and the day of vengeance had come. Great was the surprise and consternation of the men when they learned this fact, and some begged that the gates be opened and they be allowed to escape; but no, that could not be done except by direct command of the Daimio, and he was known to be favorable to Araki. There was not much sleep for the man and his attendants that night, while Araki and his assistants rested in hope and, on Araki's part, in calm assurance.

I wish I could adequately describe that fight of gleaming, hissing blades of steel; but the records are meager, though the main facts are well known.

When the battle really began, Araki left the murderer to the son of Watanabe, according to the custom of the age, which forbade any assistance to the son except in the last extremity, and gave his undivided attention to despatching the members of the escort as quickly as possible. His two pupils were killed quite early in the affray, but this only served to add to the celerity of his flashing sword and to that well-nigh incredible swiftness of all his movements for which he was noted, and which, together with his unusual height and reach of arm, gave him his unique skill and superiority to any swordsman of that time. The spearmen, of whom there were a number of no mean skill and prowess, gave him the most trouble, but his wonderful agility and endurance at last brought him out of all danger and stretched thirty or more of the escort dead or mortally wounded on the ground. When the last foe fell, almost cut in twain across the middle of the waist, Araki at once hastened to where his young brother-in-law was still fighting with his father's slayer. Approaching the spot from behind the lad, he noticed that the youth's strength was nearly gone, though his skill was equal to that of the far older and more seasoned man.

Standing where the murderer could see him, Araki called out in a loud voice, "Be brave, my boy, I am here and all are dead; be brave, and do not fail." These words of authority and good cheer put new strength into the nearly spent lad, but struck terror to the heart of the murderer. He realized that the hour had come to pay with his own life for the foul deed of jealous hate; for, even if he succeeded in killing the boy, he must still meet the implacable avenger who had hounded his life for so many months. These convictions unnerved his arm so that he made a false move, which gave his youthful foe the advantage he had been looking for, and the man's head fell, completely severed from his body. "Well done, my brother!" said Araki as he caught the exhausted lad in his strong arms. "Well done! we may return home now and rest. Our task is accomplished; come, let us go."[1]

Naturally Araki's name after this became greater than ever, until he stood the peerless one for whose services as fencing-master large sums were offered. Quarrels and even sanguinary fights arose between jealous and ambitious Daimios for the help of such a skilled teacher. So fierce became the conflicts over the winning of Araki's hand and sword that finally the Shogun himself had to interfere to settle the matter by persuading those hot-headed lords to let Araki go to the one he chose. We have a current saying that shows the unique position attained by this man. In Japanese it runs: "*Araki no maeni, Araki naku; Araki nochini, Araki*

[1] Some of you, my foreign readers, may be a little incredulous that one man could meet and overcome thirty men who were used to wielding the sword and spear; but such cases are not at all rare in our history. Indeed, when Hideyoshi attacked Korea, he employed a number of fencing-masters, and it is a historical fact that one man at that time, single-handed, held in check an enormous army of the enemy. Not a few cases are known where an expert swordsman has met and conquered a hundred men. In the great battle of Sekigahara there were several combats similar to that between Araki and the thirty or more warriors.

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nashi"—that is, Before Araki there lived no Araki; and after Araki there has been no Araki.

We honor him, not alone because of his unequaled skill, but also because he was true to the obligations of gratitude and friendship. He is looked up to by every schoolboy in the land as a model, while the practical benefit of the fencing he taught is sown and reaped in every school in the country.

Two more of these Japanese tales will appear in The Outlook

THE NEW BOOKS

SOCIOLOGICAL SOUTH AMERICA [1]

The Outlook has called attention to some very interesting recent descriptions of South America, notably Lord Bryce's "South America" and Professor Hiram Bingham's "Across South America." Now comes Professor Ross's volume, in certain respects a no less notable book. It has certain faults. The chief is the lack of any description of Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay, Guiana, and Venzuela.

Again, the illustrations—some of them good, but many indifferent—have been put in helter-skelter. For instance, we find pictures of Cuzco, the wonderful old Inca capital, at a long distance from the description, and some pictures of Cali in Colombia are separated by over two hundred pages from one another.

In the third place, the index is inadequate for the use of the careful student.

There are only very infrequent variants in spelling; we have Ecuadoran and Ecuadorian; we have Cerro de Pasco and Cerco de Pasco. But these are doubtless inadvertences.

As our readers know, Professor Ross, who holds the chair of Sociology at the University of Wisconsin, is also the author of one of the most recently published important books on China. He brings to bear on South America much the same point of view. His is not a prejudiced point of view, nor is this in any sense a "tendency book." Some one had said to the author:

"In writing about the South Americans no doubt you will always bear in mind that it is the professional policy of the United States to cultivate their friendship."

"Nothing of the sort," rejoined Professor Ross. "My first obligation is not to National policy but to truth. Enough has been written in furtherance of our trade and diplomacy; it is high time for a candid examination of the facts. This book is not intended to help sell our goods below the equator, but to interpret to Americans the people who, in consequence of the opening of the Panama Canal, have become new neighbors of ours."

A candid examination of the facts reveals some surprising things not found in most descriptions of South America. In considering labor, for instance, we learn:

> One may read a bushel of the books visitors have written on these countries without ever learning the momentous basic fact that from the Rio Grande down the west coast to Cape Horn free agricultural labor as we know it does not exist. In general, the laborers on the estates are at various stages of mitigation of the once universal slavery into which the native populations were crushed by the iron heel of the conquistador.

Or are we considering religion? Most critics assume that the Church in South America is alone to blame for any lack of virtue and character. Not so, says the author. Those critics ignore three great elements of human life—climate, race, and social history; and in South America all three work against the prevalence of virtue and character.

> If they were as adverse in Argentina as they are in Ecuador, then the Church in Argentina would be like the Church in Ecuador; whereas it is vastly superior. It is not by chance that the plane of the Church in these countries is so far below the plane of Catholic Ireland, Belgium, or Bavaria.

And, still speaking of religion, one often gets at arm's length a distorted idea of Protestant missionary endeavors. As in Turkey, so in South America, the relative efficacy of Protestant religious and educational work is striking. We read:

> In results the best missions of the Protestants cannot compare with their best schools. Take,

[1] South of Panama. By Edward Alsworth Ross, Ph.D., LL.D. The Century Company, New York. $2.40.

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for example, the American Institute planted in La Paz five years ago by the Methodist Board. Its teachers are models of piety, but no religious instruction is given. All the classes are conducted in English. The pupils come from the best families all over the country. In twenty or thirty years the lads it is educating will be leaders, and Bolivia will feel a stronger sympathy with American ideas and ideals than any other South American country. Congress soon recognized the fine work the Institute was doing by giving it a grant, and later it actually took away its subsidy from the Jesuit *colegio* and gave it to the Institute. A branch, also subsidized, is now at Cochabamba, another is to be planted at Santa Cruz, and three other centers are asking for branches. Such work is in line with the true strategy of Protestant work in South America, which is to make virtue and true religion to abound in either of the great Christian confessions.

Again, as to education and good government as distinguished from merely material advance, we do not always realize that American and other foreign endeavor in the introduction of the one has not been counterbalanced by the other. Yet it is that other which is the real proof of civilization. Professor Ross aptly says:

It is not difficult to introduce railroads, telegraphs, tramways, port works, electric lighting, water supply, parks, telephones, and wireless installations, for these may be provided from above by a stroke of the pen that signs a contract with a foreign firm. By a skillful parade of such improvements it is easy to create in remote observers an impression of rapid social progress in South America. But the real evidences of social progress are such things as efficient popular education, public sanitation, an enlightened penal system, the control of alcoholism, the protection of labor and the providing of justice for the humble suitor.

And so one reads this book, finding it in literary form and general appeal not as attractive as Viscount Bryce's volume, for instance, and lacking the peculiar charm of Professor Bingham's book in the description of the physical and archæological features of a wonderful continent. When it comes to the sociological aspect, however—when we regard the advance made in the domains of labor and education, when we regard the status of woman and the family, when we dwell upon the morals and character of the South American peoples, it is to the present volume that we must turn for, as it seems to us, by far the most comprehensive, painstaking, and uplifting account which has yet appeared.

As a result of his observations, Professor Ross contrasts the two Americas. He does not make the contrast depend on race, as most observers do. While race counts for much, our critic declares that the British, the Norwegian, the Dutch, the German—in short, the Teutonic races—have much more in common with us than have the South Americans; moreover, that the mental affinities of those South Americans are not with the Teutons, but with the Latins of the Old World.

Again, much may be said for the personal virtues of the original settlers. Among the founders of Argentina, for instance, one does not find religious groups refusing to be crushed into acquiescence by an established Church, remarks the author. "They were simply bold men bent on adventure or profit, not rebels, independents, and comeouters." Of them the Argentine President Roca said:

The proud conquerors who, with their peculiar notions of liberty, trod under their iron heel portions of the South American continent were very different from those Pilgrim Fathers who landed in New England with no arms but the Bible, and no purpose save to establish a commonwealth based on the principles of civil and religious liberty.

Not race nor ancestors, but circumstances, have done most of all to make the contrast vivid, asserts Professor Ross, and hence it is unpardonable, says he, for us ever to be puffed up because we enjoy better social and civic health than is usual in South America. It is true that pride, contempt for labor caste, social parasitism, and authoritativeness in Church and State have been fastened upon South American society. But it is also true, concludes Professor Ross, that if our forefathers had found here precious metals and several millions of agricultural Indians our social development too would have resembled that of the peoples that grow up in New Spain.

Macaulay's History of England. Edited by C. H. Firth. Illustrated. Vol. VI. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.25.

We have already spoken with genuine enthusiasm of this admirable (we are inclined to say, ideal) edition of Macaulay's famous work. We note here the appearance of the last volume. It is as fine as were the preceding volumes in all the essentials of a library edition and in a wealth of illustrations most carefully selected and always exactly and closely pertinent to the subject. It is a singular fact—but it is a fact—

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that this is the first illustrated edition of "Macaulay's History of England" of any consequence, and we believe literally the first illustrated edition published in England.

Defenseless America. By Hudson Maxim. Hearst's International Library Company, New York. $2.

We wish that we could think that those who are opposed to any preparation against war by this country would read and consider this book of Mr. Hudson Maxim. But it is one of the unfortunate incidents of a hotly debated question that the advocates of one side rarely are listened to by those who are already convinced of the truth of the other side. "Defenseless America" will therefore be more valuable in furnishing material for the advocates of a policy of providing America with adequate defense against possible danger of war than it will be in convincing those who think that no such preparation is necessary. We must add that the spirit of the book is not such as will secure for it a reading by those whom it is the author's purpose to convince. The very opening paragraph, which characterizes his opponents as "peace-palavering persons," will not inspire them to read further. Editors, speakers, and others of a more pacific spirit and of a more persuasive style will find in this book valuable material to be used in awakening the country to the necessity of taking some measures for National security; and some of the facts which are presented respecting, for example, the relation of the cost of war to the total wealth of the warring nations or the estimated killed and wounded in war as compared, on the one hand, with the birth rate, and, on the other hand, with the number killed and wounded by our modern methods of industry, will be startling to any reader who will give them honest and impartial consideration.

Schools of Mediæval England (The). By A. F. Leach. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

This is a much juicier book than its title discloses. It is a mirror of the time it covers, and full of life in local color.

The grammar schools set up by the first settlers of Massachusetts and Connecticut were modeled from those of England, and these, as Mr. Leach shows, from the Græco-Roman, in which sparing the rod was deemed spoiling the child. As late as Henry VIII's time one Cox was reputed "the best scholemaster" and "the greatest beater." Ælfric, a noted grammarian of the tenth century, records an examination question put to boys entering school: "Are you willing to be flogged while learning?" Mr. Leach notes that when Héloïse's uncle made Abelard her tutor he was enjoined to flog her well if she failed to study diligently. Such rigor, however, had highly prized compensations in the saturnalian holidays allowed from December 16 to January 6, at their maddest and merriest on Christmas Day and the three days after, "the Feast of Fools, the Feast of Asses, and the Boy-bishop"—our Santa Claus a pale descendant of the last. These, described at length by Mr. Leach, were abolished after several centuries by Henry VIII.

Throughout the mediæval period Latin was the common tongue of educated Europeans. Its great text-book was the sixth-century grammar of Piscian. The thousand MSS. of it still extant testify to the great demand for it. Mediæval schools gave their pupils, says Mr. Leach, a command of Latin in readiness of discourse and copiousness of vocabulary that "would put our best scholars to shame." This was the main object of those grammar schools. In the reign of Henry VIII they had reached their highest development, averaging one for every 5,625 people in every English county. Mr. Leach points to this as no small factor in "the expansion of Elizabethan England, which took the world by surprise."

This volume takes rank as the standard authority upon its subject. Its exhaustive and critical research has corrected many traditional and legendary beliefs. With its copious illustrations, running back to the sixth century, and its curious antiquarian details it is a highly entertaining as well as instructive work.

Arya Samaj (The). By Lajpat Rai. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.75.

Since 1830 several Hindu societies have been formed, each on a line of protestant reaction against the corruptions of Hindu religion. The earliest, and still the most numerous, of these is the Brahmo Samaj, an intellectual revival of theism. The latest is the Arya Samaj (society of the Aryan race), now rapidly growing in northern India, and characterized by a remarkable activity and militancy in missionary effort as now the most formidable opponent to the spread of Christianity. As Christian Puritans drew their inspiration from the Bible, the Arya Samaj appeals to the ancient Vedas as the sole, infallible, and all-sufficient revelation of God. On this basis it aims not only at a radical reform in Hindu thought, religion, and social life, but also at the revival of the ancient glory of the Hindu people by the formation of a new national character. Thus it is one of the potent springs of the spirit of unrest now fermenting in England's Indian Empire. Its founder, Swami Dayananda, whose life is sketched in this volume, a man of magnetic influence and patriotic enthusiasm, holds that in matters of religion and in the domain of spirit and of philosophy ancient Indian thought transcends the best that the West has to offer, and that India must emancipate herself from all dependence on the West save in merely physical science. Professor Webb, in his preface to this volume, speaks with admiration of the moral elevation of Dayananda's disciples, their self-devotion to the depressed classes, and their

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indomitable courage in cutting loose from various fetters of their local environment, as caste, etc. It is but eight years since this lusty movement attracted attention outside of India. It deserves the wide attention which Mr. Lajpat Rai, actively engaged in its great college at Lahore, here calls to its history, its spirit, and its purpose.

What Should I Believe? By George Trumbull Ladd, LL.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.50.

Professor Ladd here follows up his preceding work, "What Ought I to Do?" Amid the medley of beliefs whose contrary winds are ever influencing conduct for better or for worse he sees "the truly pathetic fact in the history of man's spiritual development—his ceaseless struggle for harmony between his growing knowledge of things and his profoundest, most persistent, and practically valuable beliefs." The proper task of the intellect in estimating the reasonableness of our beliefs imposes a moral obligation to select those most conducive to high personal character and social progress. Here must come in the so-called will-to-believe, not willful, but rationally bent upon the best for each and all. Herein is the very essence of the personal life, to yield unreservedly to control by the moral ideals that have proved to be the most important factors in the ascent of humanity thus far.

In Professor Ladd's discussions of the problems of knowledge, duty, and faith the two dominating conceptions are personality and development. The distinction between belief and faith that is especially needed and often neglected in the sphere of morality and religion is luminously drawn—belief, as characteristically an intellectual and generally impersonal attitude of mind, often unreasoned; faith, as moral and personal uniting with reason by an act of will. "All the greater beliefs of humanity," says Professor Ladd, "are only certain aspects of the faith of reason in itself." *The* faith of religion is God, "that perfect Moral Spirit, communion with whom can alone satisfy the spirit of man." This admirable treatise strongly emphasizes the need of moral earnestness in the selection of the beliefs that have best stood time's test by human experience. For without this the world of men now crying for a rehabilitation of religious faith will cry in vain.

Enlarging Conception of God (The). By Herbert Alden Youtz. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

The significance of this volume lies in the fact that its author is a Professor of Theology at Auburn Theological Seminary, which was the chief seminary of the "New School" Presbyterians during their rupture with the "Old School" Presbyterians from 1838 to 1870. It presents in a very clear and effective form a view—perhaps what might be called *the* view—of the personality of God and of the divinity of Jesus Christ as held in what is well called the "Newer Thinking," a view with which The Outlook is in hearty sympathy. "We must," says our author, "conceive the Divine in terms of the living ideals that control to-day's life." Only so can religion "translate its wealth of knowledge into power." This conception of God comes to us through the man Christ Jesus; through recognizing him as a man "tempted in all points" like other men, and "perfected through suffering" with and for others. It will not come by setting up a distinction between the things he said and did as a man and the things he said and did as God. Moral nature, whether human or divine, is one, not two. "The fundamental truth of the incarnation is that we reach divinity through humanity." Professor Youtz strenuously protests against "the heresy that the human is alien to the divine," the misbelief that God enters human life only by a miracle. On the contrary, the Christian religion makes us see in the Son of Man the vision of the power of God, and the wisdom of God working for man's salvation in the normal forms of human life.

Social Problem (The). By Charles A. Ellwood, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

The distinctive merit of this work is its outline of a scientific social philosophy that conserves for the progressive social movement now in progress all the essential values of civilization. Besides lingering survivals of the savagery and barbarism of the stone age, Professor Ellwood shows different ideals of Hebrew, Greek, Roman, and Teutonic origin confusedly mingled with our own. He points to tendencies among us that have come to a head in Germany's "reversion towards barbarism."

For a discriminating and judicial treatment of the material factors of the social problem—the physical and biological, the industrial and capitalistic—nothing better could be fairly desired. Among the former the "need of a eugenics programme," its difficulties, its limits, its moral value, and the power of public opinion and personal ideals are admirably well presented. On the economic side capitalism is indicted, not as essentially evil, but in its present system, inflaming class against class no less than the militarism that sets nation against nation. The way out of it is, he declares, by a scientific reform of taxation.

Coming thus to the spiritual and moral aspects of the social problem, Professor Ellwood holds that "the world needs a new economic system chiefly in order that it may get a new soul, that is, a new set of values, but the two must develop together." The revaluation of family life, of government, of religion, of morality, of Christianity as humanized and socialized religion, is imperatively urgent. Efficient leaders in this line are the immediate practical need, and Professor Ellwood looks to our universities as responsible for meeting it.

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BY THE WAY

"Greece has taken her place among the really great factors in the maritime transportation industry of the world," according to "Shipping Illustrated." In 1903 Greece had 210 steamers, with a combined tonnage of 202,140 tons; at the beginning of this year she had 440 steamers, with a tonnage of approximately 900,000 tons; and it is estimated that these vessels will earn $15,000,000 during 1915.

Writers of scientific articles for the daily papers are sometimes made to say odd things. Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, for instance, who contributes articles on popular science to a New York evening paper, was recently made to say, in an article on hypnotism, "The power of serpents to fascinate small *girls* [birds], rendering them unable to fly away, undoubtedly rests upon hypnotism." Perhaps the compositor had been setting up the warnings against designing men contained in an adjoining column, "First Aid to the Lovelorn."

The Government Employment Office of the Bureau of Labor at Washington reports that requests for workmen are coming in from all parts of the country. Kansas wants 35,000 harvest hands; Oklahoma, 16,000; Oregon asked for 1,000 berry-pickers, West Virginia for 2,000 coal-miners, and so on. Another report says that a locomotive works at Paterson, N. J., which has been closed for two years, has begun work again with 1,000 employees on an order for armor-plated engines to be used in the war.

The "Pall Mall Gazette" says that the shortage of paper in Germany has probably caused the extinction of one of the oddest specimens of journalism on record. This is a paper printed at Eberswalde, a small town not far from Berlin; for many years it has appeared twice a week, printed on one side only. This, as a notice in the paper stated, was done so that it could be used for wrapping up provisions without any possibility of contamination from printers' ink.

The new subway cars in New York City are equipped with seats specially designed to sustain the body in a comfortable and healthful sitting posture. The seat has the additional advantage, for feminine users, that "the head can be held upright in moderate-sized hats, and is not thrust forward when one leans back in the seat." The seats have the approval of the American Posture League, an organization formed to promote the use of hygienic seating appliances in schools, vehicles, etc.

A woman who is managing a hospital for soldiers near the French firing line writes to a British local paper as follows: "They arrive here straight from the trenches, with the most terrible wounds, faint with pain and fatigue, covered with mud and vermin. It is amazing to see what wonders can be done for them by skilled surgeons, good nursing, rest, and food Their constant remark is, 'Ici, c'est le paradis!'" (It is paradise here.) The hospital contains 100 beds, and it is a credit to British philanthropy that $250 a week is being raised privately to maintain this hospital.

A curious scene was presented in a New York City court the other day when the Judge required an "occultist" to demonstrate his powers or be punished as a fortune-teller. Two newspaper men wrote questions on slips of paper, one question being as to the maiden names of the inquirers' mothers. "The 'professor' closed his eyes," says the report, "and went into the mystic state, placing the slips one at a time upon his forehead. After a moment of rigidity he answered each question correctly." The man denied that he told fortunes, and said that he could not explain his ability to answer such questions; but his demonstration was so successful that the Judge discharged him, saying, "I cannot understand your power, but I believe that an injustice has been done you." Perhaps this is an instance of newspaper clairvoyance!

The famous sloop-of-war Portsmouth is to be broken up, in her sixty-ninth year. The Portsmouth, in her youth, in 1846, took possession for the United States of the Bay of San Francisco; later she took part in the bombardment of Canton, China; in the Civil War she was under command of Admiral Farragut in the Mississippi operations. Few sailing ships, it is said, except the extreme clippers, have been as fast as the Portsmouth in her prime.

Discoursing on the fascination of "buying at the door," Lillian Hart Tryon says in "The House Beautiful" that the gay tin-cart of the peddler has vanished from city and town, but in many a quiet byway there is still need of the itinerant vender, and there he drives a brisk trade. "If every woman sooner or later falls before the peddler and his pack," says the writer, "in spite of stern household rules and fixed principles, it is largely because of the pack itself. The feminine soul loves a bundle only next to a bargain; its uncommunicative exterior is fuel to the flame of curiosity. . . . She is ready to defend her purchase hotly against masculine jeers and family queries, for it is the visible witness of her judgment of a face and a story."

The possibilities of the old-fashioned chimney as a decorative feature of a modern house are interestingly described in an article in "House and Garden" called "The House of the Seven Hearths." The fireplace in the living-room, twelve feet broad and almost large enough for roasting an ox, is a chief feature. The huge chimney is broken by a fireplace on the outside of the house; this is described as a "bully place to sit around at night and tell stories."

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